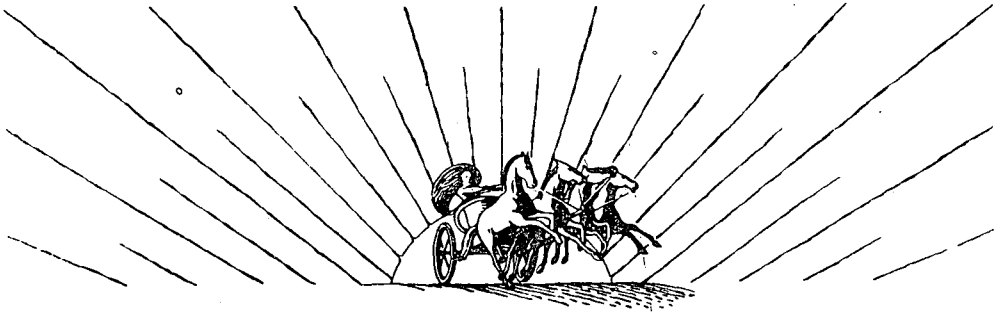

THE LIVING AGE

FOUNDED 1844 BY E. LITTELL : PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

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Too Hot to Think!

¶ How many times we've heard that phrase — and the sad part is one *must* think, at least a good part of the time if one is going anywhere and expects to arrive as most of us do. And since one must think, why not do so with a minimum of discomfort and with stimulating results? In other words — read THE FORUM!

¶ In the September number William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, draws *Lessons from the British Strike*. The President of the most powerful Labor organization in the world contends that the idea of a General Strike can form no part of the program of Labor statesmanship in America, and British experience makes it plain that the general strike has no place among the methods upon which trade unions may rely.

¶ Other features include a debate on *The New Freedom in Divorce* by two prominent women's leaders. This discussion of the proposal to unify marriage laws throughout the states is the second of an important series. The name of *Aaron Burr* has always left an unpleasant taste in the average American mouth. Don Seitz helps us to a more sympathetic understanding of our third Vice President. *Do Workingmen Want Culture?* According to Hendrik Willem Van Loon the son of toil prefers his low-brow pleasures. Stanley Frost discusses the racial aspects of the recent Eucharistic Congress in Chicago. In the mind of H. Munro Fox there is some question as to whether or not death is inevitable. This may seem absurd on the face of it, and yet — Hilaire Belloc gives us a gay and adequate *Reproof of Gluttony* in whimsical verse. There is charm in an essay by Stacy Aumonier.

FORUM

September

A MAGAZINE OF CONTROVERSY

Edited by Henry Goddard Leach

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THE GUIDE POST

ALTHOUGH its editorial page is the most biased and consequently the most brilliant in London, the *Morning Post* presents the news of the world with more fair-mindedness than many arrogant Liberals are in the habit of displaying. Its account of the French crisis can be depended upon as thorough and trustworthy. In point of fact this great Tory sheet would be inclined to give France the benefit of any doubt without going so far as Rothermere's 'Hats off' slogan. There is a certain sympathy between the English Conservative and the Frenchman of the old school that a Nonconformist or Radical cannot share.

* * *

The liberal *Frankfurter Zeitung* makes no bones about going to a Frenchman in order to find out about conditions in France, and sets an example that other Germans might well follow. In getting Professor Seignobos to write for them they secured the services of a chevalier in the Legion of Honor whose histories of civilization in the East and in modern Europe have been crowned by the French Academy.

* * *

Corriere della Sera is sufficiently acquainted with Fascist censorship to realize that there is no harm in reporting the Sokol festival at Prague. Such a picture of national solidarity would be likely to recommend itself to the Mussolini régime anyway.

* * *

It is difficult to think of anything original to say about either Stanley Baldwin or the London *Times*, in which his speech appeared — both are recognized the world over as British institutions of the finest type. The only comment that suggests itself is that, since the Prime Minister is said to have given in to the Die-hards and is letting them more or less run things, he is more able to find time to give a group of friendly American visitors the kind of address for which he is so justly famous.

* * *

Two Oriental globe-trotters — one untagged, the other French — lend this issue an exotic air. The story of the Kalgan journey comes from one of those English-language Chinese daily papers, similar in format to the American model, but inevitably not quite up to home standards in physical appearance. These journals, written to keep the news-hungry foreigner in touch with the world, include many short items on international matters and longer articles like this one, written by residents of China. Paul Morand is the brilliant author of 'Mr. U,' which appeared in our July 17 issue. *Les Nouvelles Littéraires*, as the name implies, is devoted to the doings of the literary world of France.

* * *

The *Dublin Magazine* is one of the many manifestations of the literary activity of Ireland. Mr. Manning-Sanders's story suggests the wry irony of Synge.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 330 — *AUGUST 21, 1926* — NO. 4285

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

Neighbor-Nagging

ITALY continues to cast a covetous eye upon Switzerland's Italian-speaking canton, Ticino. Ninety per cent of its people speak Italian, but most of them are thoroughly Swiss at heart. Under the Constitution of the Confederation, Italian enjoys the same right as other languages at Bern, and it is in universal use in the government offices and public schools of the canton itself. Any annexationist claims that Italy might urge must be supported entirely by linguistic and racial arguments, as she has no shadow of political title to this territory. Nevertheless, her pretensions have been pushed rather vigorously of late by a section of the Fascist press, which has raised a hue and cry over the alleged 'Germanization' of the canton. Apparently there is no substance to this charge. The percentage of German-speaking inhabitants is not increasing, and is limited largely to Swiss from other cantons and Germans who run hotels and in other ways serve the tourist traffic, and to railway employees. Of the total population of a scant 140,000, over 130,000 speak Italian; and of the latter some 30,000 are foreign-born, having moved into Ticino from Italy proper. The latter include the people who are making trouble. Fascist bands have been organized among the younger immigrants, as they have in other countries. These are accused in the German-Swiss press of trying to dictate to their Ticino-born neighbors and conducting themselves as if they were masters of the country.

Giuseppe Motta, who as President of Switzerland has played a prominent part in her official hospitalities to the League of Nations and is now Chairman of the Political Section of the Federal Council, is a native of Ticino. In addressing the Sharpshooters there a few weeks ago he referred to the 'unjust and disturbing agitation in certain Italian newspapers with regard to the canton,' and declared that 'public opinion in Switzerland unanimously condemns any action, no matter from what direction it may come, which, using the pretext of a common language or any other argument, presumes to exercise the right of foreign supervision or control over our nation.' To this *La Tribuna*, a

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Fascist organ in Rome, replied disclaiming Italy's intention to usurp the jurisdiction of the Swiss Federation. 'But,' it added, 'neutral Switzerland and Swiss neutrality are the result, not only of her Federal Constitution, but also of an equilibrium that must be maintained among her three distinct nationalities. . . . Without that the guaranties behind Swiss neutrality will be weakened, regardless of international formulas.'

A second source of irritation in Italy, besides the alleged 'Germanization' of Ticino, is the campaign which certain Italian-language papers in that canton have waged against Fascism and its antidemocratic theories. To be sure, Mussolini has stated officially that he does not regard Ticino as one of Italy's unredeemed territories. But this assurance has not quieted the alarm of the Swiss, who fear lest an agitation among his headstrong followers may cause trouble along the border. *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* has been moved to publish a series of five articles upon the subject, by a correspondent sent expressly to make a careful study of the situation on the ground. He quotes opinions from several local papers, which are almost unanimously opposed to the present agitation. For example, *Gazzetta Ticinesa* declares that 'the canton is tired of being treated as a subject for vivisection and internal or international polemics.' Apparently the people of Ticino wish to be let alone.

Late Notes from China

WHENEVER Wu Pei-fu and Chang Tso-lin are in the ascendancy, the foreign-language press of the Far East and the more belligerent papers of Japan adopt a firmer tone in discussing China. The present is one of those periods. Intense irritation was caused some weeks ago when certain of Wu Pei-fu's subordinates seized the salt revenues, which are pledged for the payment of certain of China's foreign loans. That general is said to have ordered their restoration, but, even assuming that the order is enforced, the incident promises to have a bad effect on China's credit, and upon Western relations with that country in general.

We read congratulatory reports on the prospective 'final breakdown' of the work of the Tariff Commission and the Commission on Extraterritoriality, and the resumption of a strong-hand policy toward the incorrigible Celestials. To be sure, there is no sign that any foreign Government officially favors such action. Sir Reynold MacClay, the British tariff delegate, felt called upon last month to make clear that the 'numerous erroneous and misleading statements that have appeared recently in the local press and in the Japanese newspapers' announcing the prospective termination of the Conference were false. The *North China Herald* characterized this statement as 'disheartening,' and insisted that 'the last pretenses of reality on which negotiations might have been based have disappeared.' Nevertheless, Wu Pei-fu, alarmed by the proposed adjournment of the Conference *sine die*, hastened to declare that if it disbanded he would imitate Kemal Pasha and proclaim China's tariff autonomy without regard for treaties or the Powers. Simultaneously the authorities at Peking appointed new Chinese Commissioners to take the place of those who vanished during the recent fighting. Tokyo papers hastened to protest that Japan had consistently favored continuing the Conference and was China's true friend; and some of them represented John Bull and Uncle Sam as trying to drive a wedge between China and her generous neighbor.

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Our own country, however, is accorded the rôle of 'Sentimental Tommy' in the Far East by most observers, including not a few of our fellow citizens there and most of our British cousins. Rodney Gilbert, who writes interestingly, although somewhat biliously, for the *North China Herald*, says that Washington is completely dominated by the missionaries, and tells his readers that 'America is flooded from end to end with sentimental slush' about China. Nevertheless, he predicts that our 'maudlin tears would change overnight if the American flag were to be fired upon,' and that a popular mandate would be given to our diplomats and warships 'for any drastic action that they cared to take.' Consequently he is considerably cheered up by discovering omens of a change in the American missionaries' attitude toward the Chinese, prompted largely by the high-handed treatment they have received from Chinese ultra-patriots, especially in the southern portion of the country.

Discussing our general attitude toward China, the *China Weekly Review*, in an editorial entitled 'Thank God for Altruism,' points out that the people who are pouring money into that country are the very men, like the Rockefellers, Morgans, Lamonts, and Robert Dollars, who are principally interested in that country's political and social progress and economic recovery. This in its opinion sufficiently refutes the charge that our altruism is indiscreet and detrimental to Occidental interests, and proceeds: —

'One of the journals devoted chiefly to defending Japanese policy and interests in China recently devoted a considerable portion of one of its issues to a denunciation of American policy toward China, on the ground that material interests have been relegated to the background and that American diplomacy toward China for the past quarter-century has been expressed in terms of philanthropy, missionary endeavor, and educational uplift. To quote from the lengthy screed, we are informed that, "translated into terms of practical politics, the Open Door doctrine now means the preservation of America's right to remain in business as an eleemosynary institution and maintain China as a preferred field for American cultural and religious philanthropy." The charge is made that religious considerations have dominated the President's choice of diplomatic representatives at Peking, and that "no matter how able America's Minister may be, or how sincerely desirous he is to protect and advance their interests, his hands are tied at all critical junctures by instructions from Washington bearing the earmarks of having been inspired by the element controlling our major national enterprises in China," otherwise the educational and cultural "uplifters." Americans are told in the article that their country "will not go to war for Europe, but she will fight at the drop of the hat for China — for the privilege of implanting in China her political, religious, and cultural ideals." The reason for Japanese apprehension on account of America's "altruistic" policy is expressed in the statement: "*The sacrifice of America's trade policy to uplift hysteria will not only end in bringing about its own collapse, but will drag with it the interests and enterprises of other nationals whose investments have developed the country under the guaranties of existing treaties. America's (cultural) leadership in China is therefore hardly conducive to enhancing her national prestige in countries like Great Britain and Japan, whose huge investments in China will be placed in jeopardy.*"'

Meanwhile a temporary stalemate appears to have been established be-

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tween the forces of the seaboard tuchuns and the Nationalist armies of the interior. Wu Pei-fu and Chang Tso-lin at their long-postponed meeting were able to reach an agreement, to quote the London *Saturday Review*, 'not as to how China should be governed, but as to whom they should now fight.' The Mukden war lord has undertaken the task of destroying the armies of the Christian General and his successor northwest of Peking, while Wu Pei-fu marches against the troublesome people of Canton, who still worship at the shrine of Sun Yat-sen. The allied generals 'are commonly supposed to receive moral if not material support from Japan and the Western Powers,' whereas the armies they are attacking are Radical-Nationalist, 'with a feeling of friendship toward Russia as long as the Bolsheviki supply munitions, and a feeling of hostility when they cease to do so.' Presumably this programme is being carried out, although most of the fighting we hear about in China seems to be on the side lines, with a remarkable absence of carnage on the main fighting fronts.

The *China Weekly Review* devotes a much enlarged issue to an historical, descriptive, and juristic review of the extraterritoriality question. Our private advices are that there has been a good deal of window-dressing in China to impress the Commission with the modernity of that country's legal code, court procedure, and penal institutions. The articles in the *Weekly Review* present conditions in these respects as 'tolerable,' although some of the writers cite instances where the measures taken to extort confessions were considerably more rigorous than 'the Third Degree.'

Land and Labor in Africa

HAVE the missionary societies in Africa been unduly grasping in regard to land grants? Will Africa ever be swept by a wave of hostility like that which Mexico exhibits toward a great land-owning Church? Archdeacon Owen of Kavirondo, who is well known for his interest in the natives of Kenya, has made a frank if startling confession of his own error in that matter, stating that he 'cheerfully took over for the Church land already owned for long generations by Africans, and that, too, without any compensation.' A Commission of Inquiry into Southern Rhodesian land questions reports that missionaries of all denominations in that province hold in the aggregate no less than 406,200 acres. Nothing is said as to how these grants were obtained, but there is evidence that most of this land fell to the missionaries in the general scramble which followed the downfall of Lobengula, and, further, that many missionaries have always exacted a pound sterling a head per annum from the natives for continuing to live on what were their own holdings. Consequently the Commission recommends that any further grants or acquisitions of Crown lands shall be limited to areas necessary for specifically missionary purposes — including residence lots for missionaries and teachers, with gardens, sites for churches and schools, recreation grounds, and plots for agricultural experiment and instruction.

In eight typical British dependencies where the Government grants aid to missionary societies for educational purposes, these appropriations have increased as follows during the last ten years: —

	1913-14	1923-24
	£	£
Baptist Miss. Soc.	207	239
London Miss. Soc.	500	540
Wesleyan Miss. Soc.	8,988	14,631
Church of England Miss. Soc.	22,625	48,487
Roman Catholic Miss. Soc.	25,825	45,042

It is not to be assumed, of course, that the missionaries have profited

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more than others, or as much as many others, from the appropriation of land in Africa. In fact, English Radicals even now are protesting in behalf of the natives against alleged European land grabbing in Kenya, where individual Englishmen have possessed at one time or another tracts aggregating three hundred thousand acres, while the natives are crowded into tiny holdings of three or four acres each.

Simultaneously the Belgian press has raised a cry of alarm over the labor shortage in Katanga. Apparently the native birth rate is falling off extraordinarily all along the Kongo, and gloomy parallels are drawn between Negro depopulation in tropical Africa and the growth of the Negro population in the United States and South Africa, where they are in direct contact with the whites. Parenthetically, Elizabethville, the capital of Katanga, proudly reports the following registration figures: 504 passenger automobiles, 70 auto trucks, 491 motor cycles, and 6390 bicycles. One naturally asks which, if either, is the more responsible for this population decline: the acquisition of an appreciable share of the best agricultural land by whites, or the civilization of which these motor-car statistics are a symbol.

In South Africa, where a color-bar bill reënacting the old law prohibiting natives from doing skilled work in the mines has been pushed through Parliament, in spite of a decision of the Transvaal High Court declaring the previous statute unconstitutional, the multiplication of the natives is the principal concern of the whites, and a barrier against their pressure upon the Caucasians is being set up by a segregation law granting the Negroes land, alleged to be sufficient for their use, in restricted localities. The black man, with his title of prior occupancy, possesses moral rights in South Africa which many of the white colonists deny to the immigrant from India, who constitutes the second great color problem there. A Natal contributor to the *New Statesman* defends the exclusion of the Indian on the ground that he is 'incredibly dirty. He loathes sanitation, and is so poor that wherever possible he will refuse to pay taxes, and as long as he had the municipal franchise it proved impossible to make certain of the Natal towns clean and wholesome.' Furthermore, he drives out a better class of working people. 'Not only in finance is Gresham's law true; in industry also the bad standard will drive out the good if equal freedom is allowed to both.' The native laborer, according to this correspondent, is not as great a danger to the white worker as is the Hindu; moreover, the native is changing rapidly, and promises to approach white standards of efficiency within a generation or two. The blacks are also far the more numerous, numbering four and one-half millions to one and one-half million whites and 166,000 Indians.

Minor Notes

Doctor Ricklin, the veteran leader of the Autonomist movement in Alsace, who for forty-five years sturdily protested against the German annexation of that province, is now leading a new agitation, backed by the Catholic peasantry, to secure home rule from France. He is quite willing — indeed desires — that Alsace should remain part of the Republic if she can have her own Parliament, an independent civil service, her own laws, and the unrestricted right to use her own language and to practise her own religion. In a word, the Autonomists demand for her the same rights that the province of Quebec enjoys in the Dominion of Canada. Otherwise, the Doctor de-

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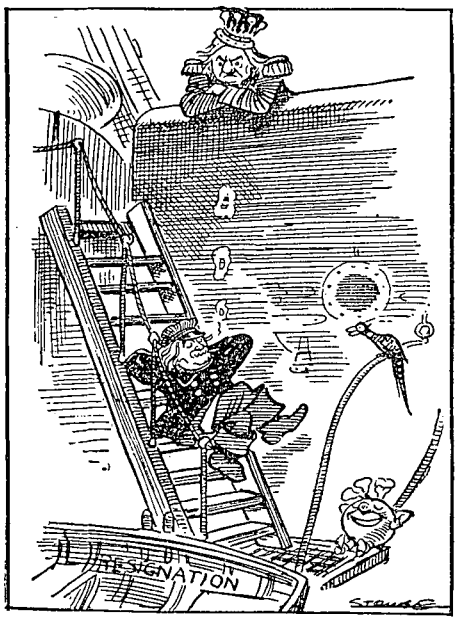
clares, her people will consider themselves a national minority unjustly deprived of their liberties, and will constitute France's Ireland. Not all Alsatians endorse Dr. Ricklin's campaign, however, since the Socialists, who are the strongest party in the towns and industrial centres, oppose his programme on account of their hostility to clericalism.

PRIMO DE RIVERA'S visit to Paris last July was not an altogether pleasant outing. A mob gathered around the railway station where he was to arrive, to welcome him, not with huzzas, but with the piercing whistling with which the Parisians are wont to vent their dislike. Notices were posted in taxicab garages telling chauffeurs to hoot and whistle at the Dictator as he passed through the streets. Not only the Communists, but many of the Liberal and Moderate classes of the occasionally unruly metropolis, joined in these demonstrations, and the Dictator's visit was the occasion for extraordinarily bitter attacks upon him in a widely read section of the Paris press.

ONE of the real achievements of the Free State Government is said to have been the suppression of illicit distilling in Ireland, especially in the western provinces. The *New Statesman* remarks: 'If the French peasant conceives freedom as a fowl in the pot, its outward and visible sign to not a few Irish cottiers is the still on the holding.' The constabulary, strongly backed by the Catholic Church, have, however, stamped out the traffic, except in a few of the wildest areas of the western seaboard.

THE BRITISH-LIBERAL SPLIT



The Pilot who would n't be dropped. (With apologies to *Punch*)

— *Daily Express*, London

MILITARISM UNVEILED

(After Lake Denmark): 'Cheer up, my friend; it only happened a little sooner than you intended.'

— *Notenkraker*, The Hague

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WHAT THE FRENCHMAN THINKS AND DOES[1]

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

How does the continued fall in the value of the franc affect the real heart of France? Things seem only too normal to the visitor who is gladdened by the thought that he will spend a cheaper holiday in France than at home. The boulevards have lost none of their brightness, crowds rush to the Folies-Bergère every night, and Montmartre is still a serious competitor to Greenwich Village; but under the surface of the real France, from the apple orchards of Normandy to the Mediterranean coast, the country is smouldering like Stromboli, ready for an eruption.

This eruption is vaguely termed by the man in the street the 'crisis.' He means the day when the franc has fallen as far as it must. That day the Government either will decide to resort to a new currency, leaving the owners of *rentes* penniless, thus risking a revolution, or it will stabilize the franc by allowing the foreigner to obtain a grip on the life of the country.

Everybody has a plan to save the franc. Turn and turn about, there is not a politician, a country, or a section of the people not blamed for the rise in sterling. I have been in the Hôtel des Ventes while masterpieces were being sold under the hammer for thousands of pounds apiece, but all the time it was the franc that people discussed between two sales. You may travel by omnibus, enter a café, go to the theatre, or dine in the country, and just the same your ears will catch the one monotonous theme.

But all the time there exists a sort of fatalism that prevents anything being done. The only piece of construction the average man allows himself is a frenzied search for a dictator. The picture of a Mussolini or a Napoleon appeals to his vivid imagination, and any man with sufficient force of character could make himself an idol in a week. Some people look for their hero to the Right and some to the Left.

On my way from Orléans to Tours I traveled with a man who began talking to me about the franc. He wore the Legion of Honor, and holds a high position.

'What will you?' he said with a wave of his hand. 'We are in the soup. The franc must go on falling, and for my part I believe it will reach 300 to the pound. Meanwhile our deputies, in order to remain in Parliament, vote laws which allow three quarters of the population to escape paying taxes. Great industries are being crippled, and every man with money is selling his French securities to buy British and American shares. Worst of all, American bankers are daily arriving in Paris to watch our convulsions and swoop on us like eagles as soon as the crisis comes.'

What wonder that the franc continues to fall when Frenchmen are among the first to play the enemy's game? Farmers, who make up fifty-eight per cent of the population, hardly pay any taxes at all, and in order to understand the farmers' position the whole system of taxation must be considered in detail. Lawyers and doctors who gain enormous

[1] From the *Morning Post* (London Tory daily), *July* 14, 15, 16

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salaries escape taxation in the cities by the most flagrant misstatements, and many small employees never dream of paying a penny to the State.

The industrialist is taxed to the hilt, and often has to hand over from eighty to ninety per cent of his profits to the Government, so that business becomes impossible. The man with a moderate fortune of a million and a half francs says to himself: 'If I buy a business I may perhaps make a profit of 150,000 francs a year, but of this I shall have to pay about half to the State.' In order to save himself the trouble of going to an office from morning till night, and of being menaced by strikes, he often chooses to speculate on the Bourse, where he may gain more in a few hours than during a whole year from his business.

His method is very simple. During the last few months the pound sterling has risen nearly eighty points. The speculator, therefore, sells all his French securities and invests in De Beers or Egyptians, or any security which may be quoted in dollars or in sterling. As the pound and the dollar soar, so do his investments, with the result that at the end of the year he finds a substantial profit to his account. Most people realize how unpatriotic their action is, but they argue that they have a responsibility to their families and cannot see their money disappear in rentes. Speculation has become such a rage that not only in Paris but in most of the large cities you may see the most humble employee gambling on the fall of his own currency.

Meanwhile the government servant and the bank clerk continue to receive salaries which often do not exceed six hundred francs a month — or rather less than twenty dollars. It is a source of constant wonder how they live. Communism takes its toll where the Royalist *Action Française* cannot get a footing.

As for the shopkeeper, he has no alternative but to put up his prices to cover himself against the depreciation of the currency. The Government, far from giving a helping hand, often crushes him with inane taxes. In August 1920 a law was passed absolving certain goods for exportation from the luxury tax. As a result of this many shopkeepers took to selling goods to Americans to be delivered on board liners at Cherbourg. Although this practice was recognized, the Government has now decided to claim the luxury tax on all goods thus sold during the last three years, with the result that many will become bankrupt.

These facts may help to show how large a percentage of the people escape taxes altogether, how many great undertakings are strangled from overtaxation, and how the rest of the country is driven to fraud or speculation. So acute has the situation become that, when the Government attempted some time ago to put a stop to the exportation of capital abroad, it addressed a note to a syndicate of Swiss banks asking for the names of Frenchmen having large accounts. The Swiss bankers, unwilling to betray such information, replied that they would accept on the condition that the French Government published the names of the deputies and senators who figured on the list. It is hardly necessary to give the result.

This exportation of capital continues in spite of the law. I have myself known of cases where stocks were smuggled to English and Swiss banks by airplane, or placed at the bottom of packed trunks to escape detection. As the French Customs seldom examine outgoing baggage, the shares were hardly ever discovered. The trunks would be registered through to London from St. Lazare Station, and would be opened only on arrival at Victoria by the Brit-

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ish Customs, who, of course, had no objection.

The most unlikely operations lead to speculation. Thousands of pounds have lately been made by men who have gambled on buying real estate. A man buys a house valued at a million francs. He mortgages his house and borrows 800,000 francs on it. The value of his house increases with the rise in the pound sterling, so that when he has to repay his money in a year's time his house is worth fifty per cent more, and the money he has to repay has depreciated in value. He sends his profits abroad to be converted to pounds sterling, and begins all over again.

Many people agree that a new currency should be introduced, but the repudiation of the rentes would bring with it such grave fears of a revolution that nobody is willing to risk it. At the present moment Communism is dormant, for nearly everybody is bathed in an illusion of prosperity. The farmer has never been so prosperous, the speculator is making money hand over fist, and the small employee is not yet at the end of his resources, for prices have not risen so far in proportion to the fall in the franc.

The farmer pays three forms of taxes, but they are based mainly upon prewar assessments, which have been augmented only once, — by seventy-five per cent in 1925, — and therefore, taking the depreciation of the currency into account, are only a fraction of what they were before the war. Indeed, the farmer has not even to take the trouble to defraud the Government. No sort of declaration of his profits is asked for. The utter futility of the taxes imposed upon him may be gathered when it is said that the rural population represents fifty-eight per cent of the total population of France and that agricultural taxation gives the State only one hundredth of the country's taxation. Five millions of farmers and peasants pay only forty millions of francs, or less than one million dollars, taxes to the Government.

Of several striking cases of undertaxation I investigated, one of the most typical was that of a *vigneron* in Bourgogne, who told me that his books last year showed net profits of half a million francs, whereas according to the Government's assessment schedule they amounted to only fifty thousand francs. He actually paid in taxes 5721 francs, whereas if these taxes had been assessed on his real profits the amount would have been 185,649 francs.

Even more startling anomalies are to be found in the *landes*, which are covered with pines planted for resin. Before the war the landowners used to complain that nobody would buy their property, although it was put on the market at absurdly low prices. To-day the price of resin has risen tenfold, and nobody in the region can produce the coveted sap fast enough. In spite of this the *valeur locative* stands at the usual depreciated value, so that fortunes almost untaxed are being made from that once barren land between Bordeaux and the Spanish frontier.

Who has not pictured the French peasant counting his month's earnings by candlelight before hiding the bank notes in a stocking under his bed? What does he do with his bank notes now that the franc is rushing down a precipice? I have put this question point-blank to farmers all over Touraine, and watched the look of pained surprise at my curiosity that came over their faces. I need not have wasted my breath in most cases, however, for it is not the first time I have wandered by the side of their cornfields and their vineyards, and the change that has come about should have been sufficient answer to my question.

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Touraine needs no introduction. Everybody knows where the Vouvrays, the Chinons, and the Vernous come from. It is a land of small vineyards where often a whole family lives on the produce of two hectares. It is also a land of grain, for it is not far from Orléans, — La Beauce, — where golden wheat fields stretch for miles as far as the eye can reach.

On my way here I left the national road and made my way to a little hamlet a few miles south of Blois, where once I had stayed with a farmer who owned several hectares of wheat. He lives in a little house on his land, a few kilometres from the hamlet, where a tall church spire casts its shadow over a dozen neat houses.

I must say that my farmer, when first I knew him, — after the war, — lived in a very meagre home. When I suggested that it needed repairs he would give me a little lecture on economy and go on his way unperturbed. What was my surprise, therefore, to find him living in a house rebuilt from top to bottom. The furniture was new and the paint shone in the sunlight. The bedrooms were airy, and behind the house a garage had sprung up like a mushroom, while a new two-seater car was waiting to take him to the village.

'What on earth has happened?' I asked him. 'You must be earning a lot of money.' 'Yes,' he answered, 'I am earning money — quite a lot.' 'And your economies?' I asked.

The farmer growled. 'What is the use of economies?' he asked. 'I have taken out the money I had in the bank. In a few years my savings would have been worth nothing, whereas now — now I have a house that will fetch a good price any day. And after all a car is always a car; I can sell it when I want to.'

That is precisely what the farmer is doing with his savings. He is buying up everything he can round him, for he has faith only in what he can see.

I once met a farmer who bought De Beers, but it was such a rare exception that it is only worth mentioning on that account. For the most part any sort of distinction between the dollar and the franc is a speculation far above the ordinary peasant's understanding, but this does not mean that he does not speculate at all. On the contrary, he speculates as much as the financier at the Bourse, but unwittingly and in a different way.

For this reason it is rather difficult for the foreigner to understand the peasant's point of view. The farmer does not think of the franc as losing value as sterling rises. One hundred francs six months ago is still one hundred francs. Moreover, he could sell a pig for twenty francs in 1914, and with the twenty francs he could buy a pair of shoes. To-day he sells his pig for 130 or more, and still buys the pair of shoes with the proceeds of the pig.

But where the peasant does find a difference is with his rentes, which five years ago he might have bought for 100 francs and which to-day he finds worth only perhaps 70. As a matter of fact he has lost a great deal more than the difference between 70 and 100 francs, but he would be incapable of seeing as far as that.

The peasant, therefore, sells his rentes and keeps his money in a drawer for a few days. During that time he keeps his eyes open for the first piece of vacant land round his farm, and as soon as his neighbor is willing to sell he rushes to buy it. This rush to buy up the neighbor's land is so common all over France to-day that one begins to wonder where the land comes from. Who is the seller?

One of the secrets lies in the death dues. You cannot go twenty miles out of Paris without seeing some château

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put up to auction in lots. A rich man dies, leaving ten million francs' worth of land. Supposing he has no son, and the land passes to a cousin, the cousin must immediately pay to the State a sum of nearly eighty per cent of the value of the property he inherits. It is very unlikely that any young man would have a million and a quarter francs in cash, so that the land is nearly always sold in small lots of three or four hectares each.

A hectare of vineland here has, roughly, augmented by nine times in value since the war, but it is almost impossible to suggest, even roughly, what a hectare is sold for. First, it depends on the grape; and secondly, as it is impossible to buy a single inch of land from a peasant, any figure would have to be more or less a guess.

Here in Tours the peasant is for the most part well off. He buys a motor car to take him into town, he has acquired the latest American farm tools, and he fights at auction sales for every piece of land near his own. When he finds that he still has a few bank notes at his disposal he buys real estate in Tours, and I could actually cite cases where small peasants have bought town houses in Tours, where they come to spend the week-end.

There is not the slightest doubt that the peasant lives better to-day than he has ever done before; but he does not roll in wealth. A farmer, instead of putting all his money in the bank, simply invests in houses and land and anything else which he can see or handle.

I want now to turn to a question which concerns La Beauce and all the districts where grain is grown in abundance. It is the most important rural question in France to-day, for it concerns bread, and bread is the essential factor when the life of a country is in danger.

Suppose a farmer has 100 hectares of wheat land. Toward the middle of July, at harvest time, the Government sends inspectors to the farmer's house, and these inspectors worry the life out of him during several days in their efforts to find out exactly what grain he has. The reason for this is that bread has gone up from $1\frac{1}{2}$ francs to $2\frac{1}{2}$ francs in the last six months, and the Government wishes at all costs to keep the price from going up any more.

Before the war, when the franc was at 25 to the pound, a quintal of wheat was sold on the market at 28 francs. To-day, with the franc at 180 to the pound, a quintal is sold at 220 francs. Supposing, therefore, the farmer has a yield of 1000 quintals this month. He knows that with the pound at 180 he will obtain about 220 francs to the quintal. But if, as there is every reason to believe, the franc depreciates as much during the next twelve months as it depreciated during the last year, the value of the quintal will rise accordingly, and next year, if the pound is at 250 francs, the quintal will probably be at 280 francs, for the quintal always follows the rise in the pound and the dollar.

Therefore the farmer says, 'If I keep my wheat I shall almost certainly be able to sell it with a fifty-per-cent profit on present prices next year.'

In this way the farmer speculates on the fall in his currency just as much as the financier with his foreign securities, and both are equally ruining their country. But the farmer, when he speculates in this way, is taking considerable risks. The Government has just awakened to this state of affairs and is trying to force the farmer to sell immediately. Further, the Government holds a sword of Damocles over the peasant's head in the form of a law which would permit the authorities to commandeer grain at less than market prices if ever a revolution was

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feared. In spite of all this the system of speculation flourishes to such an extent that a new form of middleman has appeared on the scenes. His business rather resembles that of a broker. He goes round to the small farmers in July, buying up their grain, which he stocks in secret bins in the towns in order to sell his supplies the following year.

Many farmers, however, dislike this risk and have given up growing wheat, thereby aggravating the situation. They prefer to have two crops a year of carrots or beetroots and lead a less hectic life, for the man who grows grain has another thing to fear, and that is the sudden dumping of American or Argentine wheat on the market, which forces down market prices.

Several deputations have lately been to Paris trying to persuade the Government to monopolize the market by taking over not only the home supplies but also imported wheat. They also request that each department should appoint a commission to fix prices and to penalize all those who keep supplies back for speculation.

The great trouble in Touraine, however, is the lack of hands. I spoke to a young fellow at a farm not far from here this morning, and he grumbled: 'The land is hard and does not pay. I ought to have another job, so that I can look after my people. When I've done my military service I shall take a job on the railways, and if that does not suit me I'll get work in a factory.'

You hear the same complaint everywhere, especially in the vineyards. The young men are restless and dislike working long hours, so that they provide excellent soil for the Communist seed. The real owner-peasants, who are happy in their work, have become what is known as Catholic Democrats, which is simply a form of devout Catholicism. The country-town bank clerk or civil servant is atrociously paid. He becomes either a Communist or a Royalist, but as he only makes up just over one per cent of the rural population nobody is taking much notice of him.

The owners of shops and the small country wine *débits* prefer to take in extra stocks rather than keep their money in the banks. One of the largest *apéritif* wine merchants in France noticed a few weeks ago that his sales had nearly tripled in the preceding month. He sent out men all over the provinces to inquire into the reason. They reported that the country people had lost faith in their money, and considered his wine a good investment, and that they had therefore filled their cellars with his produce, knowing that whatever happened it would fetch a good price.

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POLITICAL PARTIES IN FRANCE. I[1]

BY CHARLES SEIGNOBOS
PROFESSOR AT THE SORBONNE

A FRENCHMAN who undertakes to describe to a foreign reader the political parties of his own country finds it necessary first of all to explain certain peculiarities of our general political life which have made our party system very different from that of other nations with parliamentary institutions. In English-speaking countries like Great Britain and the United States, party leaders enforce discipline among their followers both in Parliament or Congress and outside of it, compel members to vote as the causus or the ministry dictates, and see to it that citizens cast their ballots for the regular ticket. Consequently political power in those countries is generally centred in two great parties, one of which is prepared to take over the Government when the other is defeated.

In France the citizen votes for a candidate with the idea that a second ballot will be taken if no candidate receives an absolute majority. This weakens political discipline and makes an elaborate campaign organization unnecessary. The voter, after casting his ballot at the first election for the nominee of his own party, often has to cast it at the second polling for the candidate of another party — the one to which he is least opposed.

None of our old parties ever had a central committee or held national conventions. No such thing as recognized party leaders, party platforms, or a party discipline existed. There was no party press and no party campaign fund. In brief, both electors and members of the Chamber were largely unorganized. During campaigns each candidate argued for the policies he personally advocated, paid his expenses out of his own pocket or from funds raised by a temporary committee, and pleaded his cause through a newspaper that he either owned or subsidized. Not unusually a candidate was recommended to the voters by some local meeting, but his party tag as a Liberal, a Democrat, a Republican, a Radical, or a Socialist did not obligate him to adopt a definite policy. He joined the group in the Chamber that he liked best, or refused to ally himself with any of them. He did not attend caucuses unless he wanted to, and he voted against the majority of his group — if he belonged to one — whenever he thought best.

So both Houses of the French Parliament consist of constantly shifting bodies, which divide, amalgamate, and change their names — oftentimes during a single session. Since no single group ever commands a majority in the Chamber, but has to combine with other groups to form the ministry, general elections never determine the personnel of the Cabinet. After the votes are counted, no one can say what party will provide the Premier, as in England.

To be sure, the Socialists, who have been a factor in politics only since

[1] From *Frankfurter Zeitung* (Liberal daily), *June 20, 22, 24*

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1904, have a permanent organization and try to enforce strict discipline on their voters and their representatives in Parliament. This party has a central committee and executive officers, and holds national conventions. It drafts a platform which everyone must support, maintains a party press, and has disciplinary machinery resembling that of the Catholic Church to enforce its dogmas and to excommunicate heretics. When the Communists set up a separate party organization in 1920, at the instigation of the Third Moscow International, they adopted the same system. So these two parties depart from French political usage, which requires the deputy to be responsible only to his electors; and this innovation has had a revolutionary effect upon French public life.

If we except the Socialists and Communists, however, we have no parties in the English or American sense. Consequently, when we speak of French parties, we do not mean by that word what people mean in England, the United States, or Germany. Our Parliament consists of groups. The voters cast their ballots for men of certain 'tendencies,' not of certain platforms, and the candidates elected ally themselves in Parliament with whatever group or coterie will best help them to put their personal policies into effect.

Each group has a sort of organization: a chairman, a meeting place, an order of business, and sometimes a programme. It bears a name and has a registered list of members, for since 1910 committee appointments have been allotted on the basis of the strength of each group. Since 1914, moreover, each of them has had its allotted place in the Chamber — the Communists on the extreme Left, the Conservatives on the extreme Right, and the other parties in between. Nevertheless these groups are only superficial and transitory. The deputies form them of their own volition for a specific purpose and dissolve them or modify them to suit the needs of the moment.

Old groups like the Monarchists, Legitimists, Orleanists, and Imperialists have vanished. New groups like the Radical Socialists, the Socialists, the United Socialists, the Republican Socialists, and the Communists have sprung up. In the Senate several groups survive whose names stand simply for historical memories — like the Republican Left of Grévy's time, which now sits on the Right, and the Republican Union of Gambetta. In the Chamber of 1914 there were three Left groups: the Radical Left, the Left Federation, and the Republican Left, all of which sat on the Right side of the Chamber. The same situation exists in the Chamber of 1924, where four groups — the Radical Left, the Republican-Democratic Left, the Independent Left, and the Left Republicans — sit on either the Right Centre or the Right of the Chamber. Other groups have assumed names which mean literally the opposite of what they stand for. The Liberal-Action group of 1902 and the Democratic group of 1924 are Catholic bodies; and since the latter date the extreme Right has called itself the Democratic-Republican Union.

'Tendencies,' however, are profound and permanent factors in French political life. They express the enduring opinions of large bodies of citizens. The voter does not know much about the different groups, but he does know the tendencies of the candidates, and he votes for these. In studying the political geography of France, therefore, we must study the localization of tendencies rather than of groups. To understand the origin of these tendencies, we must go back into history — in fact to the great fundamental divi-

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sion between the supporters of the Revolution of 1789 and the defenders of the old régime. From the same period dates an enduring geographical division in French politics between the Northwest, the land of the Vendée, which was Loyalist and intensely Clerical, and the Liberal East, where a majority of the priesthood supported the new Constitution.

Subject to various modifications, these two broad schools of political opinion still exist in France. When the Republicans acquired a definite ascendancy in 1879 and the Monarchists were driven into the Opposition, many of the latter dropped their Royalist tag. But the Republicans themselves, now that they had become overwhelmingly the stronger party, subdivided into a Conservative and a Radical Wing, and from that time onward divisions multiplied.

In 1898 several of the Conservative factions got together as a Progressist group, which associated itself with the old Conservatives, the Catholics, and the Nationalists, on the Right; while the Radicals, Socialist Radicals, and Socialists formed a more or less united body on the Left. It was at this time that the clerical question became the great issue in French politics. This situation did not last long, however, for with the appearance of an organized Socialist Party the whole political situation changed. In 1910 the groups of the Left, weakened by the defection of the Socialists, who joined the Right in its campaign in favor of proportional representation, were defeated; but they won again in 1913, because the Socialists had swung back again to their old attitude in opposition to the militarist policy of Poincaré.

Then came the first post-war election of 1919, which resulted in an overturn in the Chamber, due not to any change in the sentiment of the voters but to the operation of the new electoral law, which enabled the National Bloc, whose constituent groups played into each other's hands at the polls, to elect a majority of its candidates without having a majority of the nation behind it. This produced an abnormal situation — a Chamber controlled by the Conservatives although the electorate was unmistakably Radical. That situation was rectified, however, at the next election, in the spring of 1924.

Conservative tendencies are ordinarily strongest in France, as elsewhere, among the well-to-do and those who are lifted above the rank and file of the nation by birth, property, education, or social position. These classes are represented by the descendants of the old nobility, the clergy, country gentry, and leaders of the industrial, commercial, and financial world with the exception of the Protestants, the Jews, and a few Catholics. Since the parties of the Right have reconciled themselves to Republican institutions, a majority of our lawyers, physicians, artists, writers, and government officials have allied themselves with these groups. They form the general staff and the active element in the former Monarchist, but now Republican, Right. They are not numerous enough, however, to carry an election under universal suffrage except with the help of other classes. They are able to do this in some parts of the country, either through the influence of the clergy, or because the voters are economically dependent on large landowners and employers. Some members of the lower middle class in the towns are also inclined for business reasons to show political favor to these groups.

Naturally the working classes, peasants, and minor officials form the rank and file of the groups of the Left, so far as these classes feel themselves independent of the economic pressure of the

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rich, the moral prestige of the clergy, and the influence of 'good society.' If they were left entirely to themselves we should probably find that all over France, with the possible exception of Normandy, the principal passion of the Frenchman is equality. He will instinctively vote for a peasant for burgomaster in preference to a nobleman or a great landlord. The rank and file are led by liberal-minded lawyers, physicians, professors, and journalists, — particularly those of Protestant, Jewish, and Freemason antecedents, — and above all, of late years, by the teachers.

No clear line of demarcation separates the different groups on the Left. It is impossible to distinguish a Republican Socialist from a Radical Socialist or either of these from a Radical. In fact, the United Socialists themselves have been unable, in spite of all the efforts of their leaders, to keep entirely separate from the bourgeois parties. Very frequently an elector is moved by personal connections or by the character of the candidate to cast his ballot successively for a Radical, a Socialist, or even a Communist.

The defense of Republican institutions against Conservative reaction, and of the existing social system against Socialist revolution, is assumed by the Republican groups, which formerly sat upon the Left, but now occupy the Right, and have a very small majority in the Senate. They could count for a long time upon the undivided support of the bourgeois middle classes, who were in conflict with the Royalist nobility, and of all farmers, shopkeepers, clerks, and petty officials, so far as they were not controlled by the clergy. These classes were not particularly interested in reform of any kind, but they were equally hostile to aristocratic reaction and social revolution. So the Republicans steered a middle course between the two, and for twenty years controlled the Government. Even after they were defeated by the Left bloc in 1913, and again in 1924, they promptly returned to the attack in an attempt to recover power.

Nationalist, militarist, and anti-Semite sympathies exist among the Paris middle classes, who are instinctively Radical, but are temperamentally inclined to be against the Government. These classes are traditionally hostile to foreigners, and they are anti-Semite because they hate high finance. They have been heavily reënforced since the Dreyfus affair, when the remnants of the former Royalist and Catholic parties joined them.

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WHEN THE SOKOLS GATHER[1]

BY ORIO VERGANI

[THE Sokols, like the German Turners, combine with their conception of physical culture the ideal of moral and political discipline and national vigor. Their athletic exercises are intended to prepare the members for civic duties rather than for competitive sports.]

PRAGUE'S great Sokol stadium crowns a hill beyond the Vltava, from which the city below is invisible. It is beyond the gray mass of the Hradčany, or ancient residence of the Hapsburgs, where President Masaryk now dwells with his great library. The philosopher-president, though seventy-six years old, is reported to devour a couple of volumes daily and then to ride two hours on horseback. I catch merely a glimpse beyond the Palace Park of the spires of the Cathedral, which is cut off from view by a girdle of palace buildings and is said to occupy the site of an ancient Roman temple. Scanning the prospect in that direction, I also make out other interesting points in the panorama, including the bridges across the Vltava, whose waters have been so swollen by the recent heavy rains as to prevent the proposed water carnival.

But I have little time to study the view. The Sokols are as prompt as clockwork, and they are scheduled to be here precisely at 2 P.M. If you are not in your seat — of the one hundred and fifty thousand in the stadium — promptly to the minute, they will not wait for you.

One hardly needs to read the enthusiastic descriptions in the press to realize that this stadium is probably larger than any other in the world; that it vastly exceeds those at Stockholm, Philadelphia, and Berlin; and that even the Olympic Stadium at Paris could be tucked away in one of its corners. They tell you, moreover, that it occupies a site originally so rocky and broken that the old Austrian garrison used it for mountaineer manœuvres; but to-day machines and explosives, and above all the brawny arms of the Sokols themselves, have made it as flat as a billiard table.

Sokol! Sokol! Sokol! The whole pride of the nation bursts forth in a roar of greeting. The words seem to say: 'Behold us, the Western vanguard of the Slavs, united in democracy and brotherhood!'

Big numbers make one dizzy. Hundred thousands and two hundred thousands are bandied about as if they were integers bereft of zeros. Everything is on a grand scale, even the gigantic wooden statues perched above the entrance pillars of the grounds. Just outside are huge wooden sheds as large as airship hangars, where beer, ices, coffee, hot sausages, and cucumber pickles are served to a quarter of a million daily. For those who wish to carry home more enduring mementos of the great event, there are battalions of hawkers selling Sokol shields, ribbons with patriotic mottoes, pictures of

[1] From *Corriere della Sera* (Milan Liberal daily), *July* 9, 10

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Masaryk, handkerchiefs with Sokol emblems, hexagonal lead pencils two feet long painted with the national colors, and badges and buttons of every conceivable design. As the spectators press through the entrance they throw aside their cigarettes, for the great structure is of wood, and one hundred and fifty thousand people must go for five hours without a smoke — an evidence of Sokol discipline.

The moment I am inside I am burdened down with a sense of littleness. What does one person count for in this vast throng? Indeed, the crush is almost overwhelming. Ladies faint and Sokol ambulance men quietly carry them out. I receive a hazy impression of great masses of red around the grand stand of the Sokol associates; of gray, black, and blue around other grand stands; of bright Moravian, Wallachian, and Slovak costumes; of patches of military khaki; of smaller black spots where silk-hatted diplomats have gathered; and I even detect Masaryk's white summer suit and straw hat as he surveys the scene from behind the tiny glasses that give him an acute and scrutinizing air. Immediately, however, these details dissolve again into one general impression of boundless humanity on every side.

A cannon shot. It is two o'clock. Under the tribune in front of me, where yawns a great entrance eighty yards wide, huge curtains move aside. From a tower above our heads the General Marshal of the Sokols makes a sign with a flag. A trumpet sounds. Six massed bands strike up, and fifteen thousand athletes emerge from the portal in a solid column eighty files broad. The grand march begins. Broad-chested, white shirts thrown open at the throat, shoulder to shoulder, eyes to the front, they pass us silently with elastic tread — not a shoulder higher than another, not a foot out of step. The first detachment files past like a deeply incised bas-relief, brilliantly colored with the blue and white of the men's uniforms, the pink of their arms and faces, and the black of their caps. The perfect rhythm of their movement suggests the quadriga on a Greek medal. From man number one to man number fifteen thousand every muscle moves in absolute unison. I get an odd impression that behind yonder curtains a huge automatic machine must be concealed turning out athletes to exact pattern at the rate of so many hundred a second, all standardized and perfect.

The great plain is covered. Marching, turning, deploying, with rhythmic precision, in absolute silence except for the music, the whole body of fifteen thousand men has taken position. The great arena looks like a field of white humanity ploughed in three hundred furrows. Seen crosswise or diagonally, the men are in as perfect alignment as the threads of a woven fabric. Yes, they are men, but one forgets the fact. The individual is lost in the mass. I see fifteen thousand faces and thirty thousand arms as a single face and two arms, or as the reflection of one man multiplied to infinity.

All these men obey the signal with an instantaneous and unanimous response that is almost awesome. As if moved by a single will, they bend forward and backward, sink and rise, turn and balance, stand rigid, and assume an endless variety of poses and positions. Even their eyes and their very respiration answer to this perfect control. They form a sort of human forest, dense and vigorous, whose branches are these thirty thousand arms that extend and rise and circle — a forest that shouts 'Long live the Fatherland!' with fifteen thousand voices fused into one. We might parody Macbeth and say that the Slav

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forests of Tatra, Bohemia, and Moravia are moving as one man.

Meanwhile the machine continues to turn out new thousands and thousands, all advancing in perfect marching time by companies and squadrons — exact, rapid, perfect. It is still long before sunset, and it will begin again to-morrow.

The final review of the Sokol gathering is held in the Municipal Square of old Prague. After it is over, the fifty thousand athletes who have crowded the town during the last few days will return in hundreds of trains to their distant homes. Eight thousand will go back to America, whence they have come as representatives of the Czech emigrants beyond the Atlantic. Hundreds of other trains will be required to carry to their destination the two hundred and fifty thousand visitors who have come to see the show.

A better setting could hardly be conceived for such a farewell than this ancient square, flanked by the beautiful and historic Town Hall, with its black and red Gothic façade; by the great clock tower of the Archers' Chapel, where the Twelve Apostles march hourly past the dial; and by the Church of the Virgin of St. Tyn, where in 1500 the first and only Hussite archbishop officiated. Here likewise the marchers will pass the tomb of Czechoslovakia's Unknown Soldier, buried in soil brought from the battlefields.

This parade is not only to pay farewell to Prague, but also to do honor to John Huss. His rather overelaborate monument occupies the centre of the plaza, the stern bronze figure of the heresiarch surrounded by statues symbolical of his doctrine rising from the burning fagots at his feet. Six elderly Sokols with drawn sabres stand at attention at the base of the statue, and will stand there all day long; and on either side of it blaze two great *torchères*.

The ceremony is entirely in memory of Huss, and there is some suggestion that the famous Bohemian is honored not only as the first great champion of Czech unity but also as an opponent of Rome. Over the portal of the Church of St. Nicholas, a former Orthodox church which is now the cathedral of the new schismatic Czechoslovak sect, glows the brightly lighted Hussite symbol, a red chalice. The Hussite flag, which was raised over the Presidential Palace at Prague on the sixth of July last year, causing the Apostolic Nuncio to leave the city, stands to-day in a post of honor under the municipal loggia. It is a huge white standard, likewise emblazoned with the scarlet chalice.

What is happening to-day is typical of the policy of the young republic toward the Church. That policy may develop into either reconciliation with or alienation from the Vatican. My impression is that the Government is feeling its way, steering carefully between the currents of various parties, nationalities, and creeds, and taking no chances, in this democratic country where political pedestals are easily overthrown. The President and his Cabinet are present — but only officially — to honor the hero of Czech unity. The political world wishes no quarrel with Catholics at home and abroad, for they form a large majority of the nation, particularly in Slovakia and along the Hungarian border, and the young nation's enemies beyond the frontier would be quick to take advantage of any confessional embarrassment in which the new State might become involved. Prague knows all this, and, if it did not, might conjecture as much to-day, for the ambassadors of Italy, Spain, and Poland,

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and the Alsatian delegates, are absent.

President Masaryk, Prince Nicholas of Rumania, the members of the Cabinet, and the representatives of the States that are participating in the ceremony, occupy the balcony of the Town Hall, which is embowered in flowers. In fact the whole Square is a mass of banners and bunting, and every lamp is lighted, although it is a bright, sunny day. The Lord Mayor of London in his gold-embroidered robes sits beside the Burgomaster of Prague.

The ceremony is a success — effective, brilliant, perfect; indeed, at certain moments, of transcendent beauty. The sun shines in all its splendor; every roof, window, and vantage point is black with spectators; the golden spheres on the pinnacles of Gothic St. Tyn's sparkle in the light, and a blare of military music comes from the Gothic balcony on its façade.

Up St. Nicholas Street the Sokols advance, a ribbon of color against that straight thoroughfare's green background across the river, marching in perfect unison — men of twenty-four parties and seven religions, moving as one man. After they have passed I am told that they numbered precisely fifty thousand, including both sexes, and that they carried six hundred and forty banners and thirteen great standards. Fifty-eight bands of music were interspersed at equal distances along the column.

This scarlet flood flows between two solid banks of enthusiastic spectators — half-dead with the heat. Water carriers with great pitchers move up and down in front of the crowd. A cloud of pocket handkerchiefs, fluttering like the wings of millions of white pigeons, greets their passage. The people roar '*Na zdar!*' There is a constant crash of military music, punctuated by shrill bugle signals.

Visiting Sokols lead the procession, the Americans first, the men uniformed in blue and the American women in white, under a cloud of starry banners. As they have come farthest they are given the post of honor under the loggia. Next follow the Sokols from Belgium, England, Vienna, France, Rumania, and Yugoslavia. The last are frantically applauded in honor of the Little Entente, and are escorted by detachments of marines, infantry, and military cadets from Belgrade. The women Sokols from Yugoslavia twirl above their heads the red peasant umbrellas that form part of their costumes. Last of all come the Russians, wearing white tunics and purple vests like those of the old Tsarist army, and the Poles.

After that everything is red. For two hours the Sokols march past, eight deep, in their scarlet shirts, black caps ornamented with falcon feathers and bunches of flowers, and black cavalry boots, carrying thousands of bright-colored standards bearing the names of the places from which they come. Their banners are of various designs. Some are red with simple borders and conventional emblems; others are white embroidered in brilliant colors, like their national costumes; others resemble religious banners. Some flutter lightly in the wind; some hang as rigid as if they were sculptured. The carriers of these banners and standards fall out as the procession passes and group themselves in front of the Archers' Chapel, forming there a brilliant mass of white, red, and gold. The bands have extraordinary trombones — huge shining instruments of fathomless sonority. The bass drums are carried on little flower-decorated carts drawn by ponies, as was the custom in the Austrian army. Many of the marchers are dressed in national and local costumes, with conical hats, leather belts, yellow

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trousers, and waistcoats embroidered in green and violet and scarlet.

The ladies, — twenty thousand of them, — sturdy and stepping out with all the strength and vigor of men, look strikingly blonde under their scarlet toques. Covered with flowers and perspiration, they stride past in the hot midday sun, shouting in chorus a high treble salute to Masaryk. Each of them has a handkerchief to wave, a flower to throw. Twenty thousand handkerchiefs and twenty thousand flowers!

Shortly after three the procession ends. Only ten thousand men and ten thousand women can find room to draw up in the Square itself and participate in the final ceremonies and the speeches. No one addresses them from the government balcony. Instead the President of the Sokols, Joseph Scheiner, speaks to his serried ranks of hearers from a platform decorated with the national colors. He tells them what the Sokol movement means; he speaks of the Fatherland and of Huss. He does not go into details, and he makes a mere allusion to the religious question: 'We declare solemnly and without evasion that there is no power, that there is no influence, no matter how great, that can erase from our minds the glorious memory of John Huss, our master, the greatest hero of our nation; and we proclaim resolutely that we shall forever stand shoulder to shoulder to defend his memory against each and all, because that memory is graven upon our hearts and upon our minds, and is the moral corner stone of our people.'

Scheiner then asks the Sokols to swear 'ever to follow in the footsteps of John Huss, defending justice and truth against all.' The voices of the crowd rise in unison as they repeat the oath. Banners are dipped in a last salute to the bronze martyr. The music of a Hussite choir rises over the silent throng, and is lost beyond the pinnacles of the Church of St. Tyn. Then the national hymn is sung, and the eighth great Sokol Congress is over.

HISTORY AND PREJUDICE[1]

BY STANLEY BALDWIN

[THIS is the speech delivered by Mr. Baldwin to the Anglo-American Conference of Historians in London. Professor R. B. Merriman of Harvard, in moving a vote of thanks, described the Prime Minister's outlook on history as characteristically just and generous.]

As is perfectly proper at a gathering of historical students, Sir William Beveridge, in the early part of his most interesting speech, has shown to us clearly the appalling difficulty under which any history is ever written. He has in this room given a brief account of an interview in which the particles of absolute correctness are as rare as blue diamonds in the London clay. That will get into the press, and will be dug up one hundred years hence and pro-

[1] From the *Times* (London Independent-Conservative daily), *July* 14

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duced as evidence, and yet we all know — at least, he and I know — that that particular chapter in my life or his, or in the life of this association, will be at a considerable distance from that accurate truth which it is the ambition of the historian to achieve. Sir William very kindly said I was going to make to you either a speech or a few words of welcome.

Let me put to you one of the difficulties of a Prime Minister's life. I received the invitation to come here some time ago, to meet distinguished visitors from America and to say a few words of welcome to them. My life is a fairly full one, but I felt that was an object to accomplish which would be well worth trying to sacrifice an hour of one's time. I looked forward with pleasure to the meeting, but that pleasure was dashed when I read two or three days ago in a newspaper that I was going to give an address. To address an historical society was something to which I could never aspire, and, at any rate, I should not have dreamed of doing it without more time for preparation. This is not an address or a speech, but a few words of welcome, to which I may add a few desultory thoughts of an unscholarly layman on that magnificent profession you have all embraced.

The description of these few words of mine as an address reminds me very much of what happened to me on my twenty-first birthday, now a good many years ago, when an old servant of ours handed to me a silver tray, the gift of many donors, and, instead of saying the words which he had probably carefully learned, stammered out with great difficulty, 'I have nothing to say.' Whereupon that kindly press, on which we all depend so much, said in the account of the proceedings the next week, 'Mr. Emery handed the tray to Mr. Stanley Baldwin with a few appropriate words.' I hope the press will be as kind in describing my few faltering words this afternoon as 'appropriate words.'

Everybody here, I take it, is interested in some way or other in history, and of course I am too, for, after all, history very largely is politics. And we politicians naturally take some interest in history, because it is only history that can judge us. I do not think that any verdict passed on any of us in our lifetime — not as regards our personalities, but as regards our work — can be worth anything. I do not think our work can be judged for two or three generations, for this reason — the facts are not there. The present generation cannot tell — it has no means of knowing — what are the real reasons connected with a stateman's taking at a certain moment a course that he does take. Also it seems to me always that, to give fair judgment on a man's work and to be able to compare with it other men's work, you must see the after effects, because one's work is simply a link in a long chain, and the chain must be in the future as well as in the past. Therefore, with regard to the ultimate verdict upon us, it does become of importance to us that historians should get at the right sources of information and, having got at those sources, should handle them fairly. I think perhaps one of the most remarkable ways in which historical study has progressed of recent years has been the painstaking search in the documents and contemporary records, and the fair way in which use has been made of them.

It is obviously a source of immense pleasure to all of us in England to see so many interested in historical study coming from America to London, partly because it is a very useful and a very good thing in every way that we should meet on a common ground, com-

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pare notes, and try to improve ourselves by communication with each other. It is also, I think, of extraordinary interest, because we welcome you from America here into what is one of the greatest storehouses of historical knowledge in the world, and nothing but good can come of such intercourse and of such research. The more research is carried out,—and I speak here as a fool, — it seems to me, the less will be the danger to yield to that temptation to write without full knowledge. It always seems to me that to get a fair judgment of any historical period you have to get back into that period, with intimate knowledge of what led up to it, and not let yourselves be deflected by what happened subsequently.

Of course, it is difficult, perhaps, to say a few words of welcome to you here without saying a word or two on the historical studies that are going on at present. I think, to a lay Englishman like myself, that nothing has given us greater pleasure than the way in which during recent years the historical students in America have been devoting themselves to research and to the history of the period of the American Revolution. It is a period of very vital importance, and I think it is generally recognized, both in America and in this country, how much harm has been done in the relations between the two countries owing to certain representations of that history before the immature minds of the school-children in America. And I always feel myself that that is a period that both in this country and in America demands prolonged and intensive research because of the effect that the events of that history had on the two peoples.

It may often be that Americans feel that we in England, with the exception of one or two histories that have been written, have been apt, perhaps, not to pay sufficient attention to a time which to them of course must be one of the very first magnitude. But I think it is well for the ordinary educated person — and I am not speaking of people who are students — to realize that at the time when the American Revolution took place, while on the American shore it was an epoch-making event, it was in this country much more of the nature of an incident, because at that time we were still continuing the secular struggle with France that led to the final conflict with and the fall of Napoleon; we were in process of building an empire in other parts of the world, and no one here any more than in America at that time could have visualized the consequences in after years, the growth of that great continent, or indeed any of the events that occurred in the next century. I just say that because it may be that sometimes people in America feel that in this country we may have averted our eyes from that struggle from a feeling that we were beaten, or that we were ashamed of it, or for some reason like that. It was nothing of the kind. There was a feeling of regret — of profound regret, yes; but then the split in the stock was not realized, and the idea of the British stock split up in all parts of the world and developing and carrying the civilization was an idea that had not yet got hold of the people.

Now I did want to say a word or two, also very much from a lay and ignorant point of view, about you historians. I don't know myself — Sir William Beveridge knows much more about this — what is the best way to learn history, whether it be such history as I have described or any other history. I have always felt myself that the most readable histories and the best things to start on are the really biased ones, because I always feel that unless a man makes his characters into heroes or devils, or both, he seldom is an inter-

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esting writer. Yet if we rely too much on them we are apt to get false ideas and it is difficult to know what to do. I think the reign of the prejudiced historian is rather at a discount to-day. There is a greater effort to be fair and to write as far as possible without bias. My first history, I think, was gained partly from fiction — and a good deal of history is fiction — and partly from pictures. I remember my earliest history I gained from a beautifully illustrated edition of Froissart, which taught me a good deal about the reigns of Edward III and Richard II, and I started with *Tales of a Grandfather*, which no one could object to as biased. Then I went on to the Waverley novels and got all my ideas of the Jacobite risings from Sir Walter Scott. That colored my history for a long time. Then I passed on to the men one enjoyed most — Macaulay, Froude, Carlyle, and Clarendon — but they were all as biased as ever they could stick.

The question is, how are you to correct that later? Yet I am quite sure that if you tried to bring up a youth on entirely unbiased history he would never read it at all. I don't know whether the attempt has ever been made to bring up the budding historian on Stubbs, whom I believe to be quite unbiased, but whom people would perhaps think a little difficult for a start. I think on the whole I prefer my own method, to get a vivid picture first and correct it afterward. Generally speaking, you don't want to be fair until you are grown up. I think to try to make young people see every side and sit on the fence and balance opinions would be to train a generation of mugwumps who would be singularly ineffective in practical life.

Of course, as with all generous-minded children, my sympathies always went to the beaten side. I don't think that is a bad thing to start with, and I always feel, too, — and I think this is true historically, — that the beaten side never gets properly represented in history, never gets, as we should say, 'a good press,' any more than the beaten man does in politics. I think the two spheres are very similar in that way. It may well be that, holding these views, I have always lived in the hope that there would be a history of the American Revolution written from the English point of view. I don't know of one, though there may be one. I want to see that written from the point of view of the men who fought against George Washington. It would be very interesting. There is a fine field of labor for someone.

I should like to say, on behalf of the Government, with what great pleasure we see this visit from America to this country. We like to see you here if it is only to enjoy yourselves, but we like to see you particularly when you are going to dig among our old records. After all, they are essential to you, because, however much the link may have been cut or snapped with every emigrant that has gone over in the last hundred and fifty years, every such man is the product of the generations that have gone before him, and it seems to me — and I speak with all humility — that you never can understand your own problems until you understand the problems of the stock of these men who are now making your country. And the history of those movements which made that man what he is to-day is to be found in London and in places on the Continent. After all, one of the few reasons why I should like to live for a short time some centuries hence is that I might see how you develop in America, because you have got so many problems of such amazing human interest before you, problems that could not have been foreseen by the founders of the

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republic. And there is nothing I should like better on a suitable occasion, and after due preparation, than to deliver an address on that subject, but I feel this afternoon that without preparation. and in this heat, and with the limited time that I have at my disposal and you have at yours, it would be impertinence to say another word.

Ladies and gentlemen, I bid you all, in the words that are used in the City, a hearty welcome; I hope you will have a happy time in England, and that such researches as you are able to conduct will come up to your wildest anticipations; and I hope, and am confident, that the bringing together of the leaders of historical study and research in America and this country will be productive of an immense amount of mutual good for us in the years to come.

CHURCH AND STATE IN MEXICO. II[1]

BY ARNALDO CIPOLLA

A SERIOUS danger for Catholicism in Mexico is the disposition to cut loose entirely from Rome. Last year the Government attempted to promote such a movement. It failed, however, because the men whom Calles and Tejeda employed were utter scoundrels, who could not find among the clergy even enough recruits to form a skeleton organization. Calles makes no secret of his wish to have the Mexican Church divorce itself from Rome. At present the Protestants are treated more tenderly than the Catholics. A Protestant bishop and his ministers continue to hold services at Mexico City unmolested. But that is because Calles considers it expedient to concentrate all his forces just now against the principal creed; for at heart the Government opposes all forms of religion.

I am told that that is particularly true of Calles personally, who claims to be a convinced atheist and boasts that he has never attended church. That does not affect the fact that when he was a public-school teacher he was also a paid agent of a North American Bible Society. He absolutely refuses to have any communication with priests, and when he was Governor of Sonora allowed only one of them to visit the Government office. Since he has been President no bishop has been granted an audience with him. Several Mexicans have told me that he becomes infuriated at the mere mention of religion, and I know that in his letters to the bishops he addresses them simply as 'Gentlemen,' carefully avoiding giving them their church titles, although the Mexican Constitution expressly recognizes the episcopal rank.

Notwithstanding the fact that the present campaign against the Church in Mexico is alleged to be in obedience to the Constitution, Catholics tell me that authorities override the Constitution in their attacks upon religion. Catholics argue that Congress must

[1] From *La Stampa* (Turin Independent daily), *July* 9, 14

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enact laws for carrying out the provisions of the Constitution in order to make the latter effective. Although no such legislation has as yet been adopted, the Government has gone ahead without it and taken extreme measures against the Church, not only in the Federal District, but also in the different States. For example, it has prohibited native priests from exercising their functions, abolished dioceses, arrested and deported foreign priests, — some of whom have not been allowed time even to pack up their personal belongings, — made arrests without warrant, discriminated between foreign and native members of monastic orders, closed schools authorized by law, and forbidden the use of holy water in baptism.

Mexican Catholics lay even more stress upon alleged violations of the spirit of the Constitution by President Calles. All his predecessors recognized that this instrument, which was adopted in a moment of great political turmoil, should be applied in normal times with discretion and consideration. Carranza submitted to the Lower House of Congress two bills prohibiting religious services and religious teaching, which are still before that body. Obregón made no effort whatever to enforce the antireligious clauses of the Constitution. On the contrary, during his Administration Catholics enjoyed more freedom than they did even under Porfirio Diaz.

Certain acts of President Obregón, like his denunciation of the Eucharistic Congress, had no real effect upon the situation. The expulsion of Monsignor Filippi, the papal nuncio, was due to exceptional circumstances. Subsequently General Obregón not only refrained from showing hostility to the Vatican's delegates, but in a document signed by the present Minister of Foreign Affairs, Señor Saenz, he granted to the Holy See full guaranties for its representative. A letter is in existence, addressed by President Obregón to the bishops in reply to their protest against the expulsion of Monsignor Filippi, in which he says that this action should not be considered as directed against the Church, because the Church and the Government were, each in its way, trying to do the same thing, to better the condition of the poor and the oppressed, and that in this labor he considered the bishops his collaborators.

I have become acquainted with an Indian bishop — the color of chocolate, but educated in Spain — who is one of the most picturesque and typical persons I have met in this country. He is in charge of a tropical diocese where they hunt the crocodile and the puma; or at least he was, for he and twelve of his priests have taken refuge in Mexico City to escape an order of the Governor of the State where his diocese is situated requiring all ecclesiastics to marry. He is trying to secure assistance among the better classes here for his shepherdless flock. I have previously observed that the middle classes of Mexico, of Spanish or other Caucasian origin, are quite indifferent to Church matters. Nevertheless the Committee of Defense, to which this bishop belongs, has already collected, I am told, two million signatures protesting against these persecutions.

It would take many columns to summarize all this ecclesiastic has told me about the indignities and sufferings inflicted upon himself and his associates. Among them was the case of Bishop Hernandez, who was forced to serve as a common soldier under Carranza. He described conditions in the State of Chihuahua, with an area exceeding that of many European countries, where there are only forty

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priests. Some of his accounts of spiritual conditions in the country are unbelievable. When he concluded, the good man, who was in full episcopal garb, with his violet biretta, his scarlet collar, and his golden pectoral cross hanging from a chain around his neck, girded up the skirts of his cassock, which he wore over an ordinary suit, put on a raincoat which he buttoned up to his chin, covered his violet biretta with an ordinary derby, and, lighting a cigar, walked down the street.

Nevertheless, it is a great mistake to suppose that the Mexican clergy are completely cowed. Some tell me that in spite of the present persecutions the Church is still one of the richest and most solidly established institutions in the country. In 1921 it lost twelve million dollars almost without feeling it. Furthermore, there are certain strongholds of the faith which the Calles Administration does not dare to touch. One of them is the city of Puebla, five hours by automobile from Mexico City, perched on the watershed between the Atlantic and the Pacific. This ancient town is called 'the City of the Angels,' on account of its three hundred and fifty churches, all of which are built in the heavy Colonial style. It is the rival of Guadalajara for the rank of second city in Mexico, and it is the most Spanish place in the Republic.

I have visited Puebla, and have seen its celebrated convents and its Chapel of the Rosary, which at one time possessed an enormous emerald valued at a million dollars. I was able to observe here how the real Mexican — that is, the Indian — comports himself in church, and have concluded that his religion is much like that practised in those mysterious underground chapels and monasteries which are said to exist in the Abyssinian mountains high up on the headwaters of the Nile. His faith is pure fanaticism, overgrown with barbarian traditions inherited from the old idolatry. It is very natural, therefore, that these Mexicans — even 'the faithful' — never speak of their Church as the 'Apostolic Roman Church,' but as the 'Apostolic Mexican Church.' The Aztec Genesis, the five suns of the Aztec cosmogony, and a thousand other survivals in the obscure consciousness of the populace, handed down from the days of their ancient Emperors, find a place in their present beliefs. It is here that people have assembled in the Church of the Holy Sacrament to go forth and to pay worship to the idols of Huitzilopochtli, still preserved in the neighboring mountains. One has only to watch the way the Indians kneel, the way they pray with their arms widely extended, and to hear them whistling during certain solemn functions, or, worse still, to note how they have shot up the images of the saints because these have not given them success in some revolutionary foray or bandits' raid, to understand how little conception they have of true Christianity. Mexico is a country where men light a candle before the Virgin of Guadalupe before they sally forth to rob a train.

Confessionals are open. Bishops on their pastoral rounds through their dioceses have to learn to sleep upon the ground. Members of the monastic orders of both sexes have taken up teaching in order to remain in the country. Friars in civilian garb — although everybody recognizes them — go about collecting alms, and receive them even from the President himself.

Ingratitude of the Government's conduct is the more inexplicable because the Church is the only institution up to the present that has succeeded in getting close to the Indians

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and making an appeal to their hearts. What substitute can Mexico offer for the Salesian Brothers, nearly all of whom are Italians, who have been laboring for thirty years in this country, where they have founded flourishing arts-and-crafts schools in Mexico City, Guadalajara, Puebla, and Merida? They have instructed thousands of boys, mostly Indians and mestizos, in these institutions. To be sure, the members have been promised by the Government, at the intervention of the Italian Ministry, that they will not be expelled so long as they 'obey the Constitution.' But that means that they must give up their primary schools, close their churches or chapels, remove the crucifix from their schoolrooms, and never mention God to their pupils.

It was a sad experience to visit the Salesian College in Mexico City. The Inspector-General of the Order and the President of the College were absent, because they did not dare to leave the private houses where they were in hiding during the height of the persecutions. My guide was one of the lay teachers, who told me that he expected every day that the Socialist trade-unions would take possession of the premises. An ambitious scheme for public trade schools, provided with shops and laboratories of every kind, has been conceived by the Government, and these Salesian schools are too well adapted for the purpose to be left in peace.

The most conspicuous feature of this great establishment was an immense half-finished church, intended to be the most beautiful in Mexico. But it is no longer possible to build churches here. Near the college is a girls' school conducted by Italian sisters. All of them, even the mother superior, wear secular garb on the street, including a hat with a big scarlet rose — 'so they will never take me for a nun,' one of them said.

These poor, heroic, self-sacrificing teachers, who have voluntarily exiled themselves in order to do good to strangers, are thus subjected to the most humiliating restrictions in order to continue their work. They live a life resembling that of the Early Christians in the catacombs. They set up their altars in private houses, and mourn because they cannot worship God in freedom. Mexican churches are open for religious worship. So is the schismatic Catholic Church, with three — I mean precisely three — priests who have gone over to that sect. But what strange places the best of these churches seem to an Italian. I can well understand why our Italian priests and brothers crave a place of worship of their own.

At eight o'clock one evening the Mexican capital seemed more banal than ever, more worldly and indifferent, and utterly absorbed in its own affairs. I was thoroughly tired of hearing constant praise of the Aztecs, tired of the moral emptiness that engulfed me. So I jumped into a taxicab and told the driver to take me to the house of Monsignor Crespi. The Palace of the Apostolic Delegation seemed deserted. I rang several times, and no one came to the door. Just as I was about to leave, the shadow of an Indian servant appeared at the grating. He opened the door and muttered something that I did not understand. I walked into the vestibule. It was empty except for a statue of the Saviour with His arms drooping listlessly by His side. I hesitated a minute, and then heard a distant voice bidding me come upstairs. There I found myself unexpectedly in front of a brilliantly lighted altar, and Monsignor kneeling before it worshiping alone.

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TO KALGAN AND BACK[1]

In the morning of May 27 I started from Peking in company with three Chinese gentlemen, on our way to Kalgan, the headquarters of the Kuominchun armies until recently commanded by the Christian General, to arrange certain business matters which needed to be taken up with our shareholders.

We arrived at Sanchiatien — as far as the train ran — at eight, and immediately started on our way on foot. Our baggage consisted of necessary clothing, plenty of food, some medical supplies, and many boxes of cigarettes — the latter because we were informed of the shortage of such supplies in the Northwest.

There were a very few of General Li Ching-lin's Shansi soldiers [belonging to the Chang Tso-lin–Wu Pei-fu alliance] encamped this side of the bridge at Sanchiatien, and still fewer on the other side. In fact, we met only three soldiers guarding the bridge. They did not even question us. From Sanchiatien we followed the railway now under construction to the Tsai Tan coal field, to a point at Peitu where we recrossed the Hun-ho in order to cut across a bend. Up to this point we had carried our own baggage. Here we engaged the services of a mountaineer, who, though he seemed small and weak, proved to be stronger than any of the rest of us when it came to climbing the hills.

The first leg of the journey to Tienchwang was to Shuholin, in a low pass. This is a small village, and the villagers questioned us in the usual way as to where we had come from and where we were going. We met many men carrying wood and other burdens. At this place we rested for a time at a little temple.

We were questioned about conditions in Peking, and the villagers told us of their troubles due to the cutting off of supplies. All they have for food is *shao-mi* and eggs. Their salt has been exhausted, and the people of the temple almost wept with joy as they accepted a handful from us.

From here on the real hardship began. We arrived at Hsiaoweitien at noon, where we lunched. Immediately after eating we went up to Shangweitien. These two places are only ten *li*, or a little more than three miles, apart, but the road is in such condition that it means more than twenty li.

Shangweitien is a very nice place, and we were well received by the people. I mentioned this to the magistrate, who told me that they — meaning the women and children — are not afraid of foreigners, but only of Chinese soldiers.

The only good stretch of road on the entire journey was from this place to Tangchang. At three in the afternoon we arrived at this dreary spot, with its unhealthy and sleepy-looking people. It is strange that so many of them are suffering from eye diseases.

We decided to cross another pass, the highest on the journey. The road in reality is only the stony bed of the now dry mountain torrent. It took us nearly three hours to reach the summit. From there we could see as far as Shichingching, and could plainly

[1] From the *Peking Leader* (Chinese-owned, American-edited, English-language daily), *June* 20

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make out the two smokestacks of the Peking Electric Light Company's power plant. To the north we could see the Great Wall. If the going was arduous up the hill, the way down proved even worse.

Worn out, hungry and thirsty, we arrived at dusk at Tienchwang. At this place also we had to answer many inquiries as to conditions in Peking. The salt supplies here too were nearly gone, and there was no way of getting more. Donkeys and mules which they had sent to Peking came back with other things, or did not return at all, having been held up to carry military stores for General Li's Mukden army; so now they are afraid to send other donkeys. Here we were informed that we should meet the first Kuominchun detachment at the next village on our way to Kalgan.

Early the following morning, before sunrise, we again set forth, being now a party of fourteen men. The other ten men belonged to the First Kuominchun, and had arrived at Tienchwang somewhat earlier than we had.

This road also was bad, but not so bad as that we had traveled the day before. We arrived at Tatsung and were met by soldiers of the First Kuominchun, who had civilian clothes over their uniforms, in order to escape detection by spies of General Li's army. They were courteous and civil, inviting us to their frugal breakfast consisting of sliced bacon, eggs, and gruel. Worn out as we were, with nothing warm in our stomachs the previous day, this food tasted better than the best meal in a foreign hotel in Peking.

Here we heard the first real news of the Kuominchun victory over Shansi. Our hosts were laughing and joking about General Li's army, which they considered a mob of robbers and beggars. While we were talking one soldier brought in four men who proved to be spies of General Li's army. They were fed and given tea and sent to the guardhouse provisionally put up by the magistrate. We asked what their fate would be, and the soldiers made a significant sign with their middle fingers, obviously indicating shooting.

They told us to be ready to be sent along to Kwangchang, to their divisional commander. At ten o'clock we started on our way. Between Chinpienching and Tatsung we were stopped by another sentry, but we were immediately allowed to proceed when he saw that we were accompanied by a soldier from Tatsung.

The road in the river bed having been repaired by the Kuominchun, it was easy going, and we soon reached Hanlin, where our guide was exchanged for another one and where each of us was given a donkey to ride to Shuingkwan, our next resting place.

The days and nights had become colder and colder, and we were gratified that the regimental commander at Shuingkwan had had the kang warmed for us. Here we received more news about the victory over Shansi at Nankow, and about the bravery of the Second Kuominchun in the fighting against Shansi. We were given food and drink, and presented our hosts in return with cigarettes — a luxury which they had long been denied.

The next morning we went on our last stretch to the railway, through Nanshingpu and Yulingpu. At Kangchwang we were immediately received by General Chang, and after we stated what our business was at Kalgan we were invited to dinner.

The most striking contrast between the men of General Li's army and those of the First Kuominchun can be stated in a very few words: uncivil versus civil, dirty versus clean, discourteous

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versus courteous. In fact it was striking to observe how well soldiers can behave if their leaders are good. There is no distinction in the uniforms of the men of the First Kuominchun, except a small ribbon with or without stars over the coat pocket on the left breast. Sometimes, in informal dress, even this distinction is omitted, so that we were at a loss to know the rank of the officer to whom we were talking.

We boarded the train to Kalgan at 6 P. M., and arrived there the next morning, where we put up at a Chinese inn. The nature of our business made a visit to the yamen necessary. We were received courteously, and we found that we could talk plainly and that we received plain answers.

Here again we were told that the First Kuominchun troops were about 180 li south from Tatungfu. Three places — Tatungfu, Tienchin, and another city near the railway — still held out, but they were now surrounded, though still occupied by Shansi troops. The Kuominchun is making no particular effort to capture the cities, since they have control of the railway and of the passes leading to Northern Shansi. The railway had been partially destroyed by the Shansi troops, but it had been quickly repaired by the Kuominchun, and we were told that normal traffic through to Paoto was resumed a short time before our arrival in Kalgan.

After our visit to the yamen we had ample time to inquire about the living conditions in Kalgan. Common food, such as rice, potatoes, *shao-mi*, meat, and the like, is but little dearer than usual; but food brought from Peking, needed mostly for the foreign kitchens, has risen to three or four times the pre-war prices. There is a famine in tobacco and cigarettes, which have risen to three or five times their usual cost. The better grades of cigarettes are so scarce that incredibly high prices are paid for them. Clothing, shoes, and underwear are nearly exhausted. Canned goods, beer, brandy, and whiskey are sold at fancy prices. A bottle of beer costs $1.40, one glass of whiskey $1.00, and so on.

Although the people are not oppressed by the army, as in the Peking districts, they grumble about being obliged to pay taxes for three months ahead.

So far as we could learn, the people of the Northwest are content to live under these abnormal conditions. The only thing they want is news from Peking and the South, as they are practically cut off from these centres. Apparently things are running smoothly. There is no friction between the civilians and the soldiers. Everyone who has seen the behavior of the First Kuominchun in Peking need only be told that their conduct in the Northwest is like their conduct here.

As far as we could learn, the Kuominchun have not the least intention of coming south again, being satisfied that their different fronts are impenetrable. Nor do they intend to push southward in Shansi beyond Yenmenkou, being content to ensure their hold on the railway through to Kansu. Their defenses at Yenmenkou, Nankow, and Dolonor are extremely strong.

We waited a fortnight in Kalgan, having had ample time to meet the shareholders in our company, and then began to prepare for our return. Our cigarettes and tobacco had given out, as well as other necessaries, and we therefore were looking toward a fairly rough time on our return trip — at least not as good a time as when we came through.

We left Kalgan on June 13, going down by train to Kwangchang. There we were told to continue by train to

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Nankow. The commander of the Fourteenth Division at the latter point told us that we could not get through the lines and that we had better go back to Kwangchang and out over the route we had followed in coming in. So far as we could observe, the Nankow Pass is so well fortified that it would be almost impossible for an attacking force to get through with the equipment that is available.

All the way back, as we traveled from Kwangchang, we were received by the different posts with uniform courtesy. Nevertheless, returning to Peking was worse than going up north. With very little food supplies it was hard traveling. The only thing we could buy was *shao-mi*. We were fortunate to have saved a little salt. The peaches and nuts growing wild on the hills had grown a little bigger, and the days were hotter and more uncomfortable. Otherwise there was no change.

We saw a different Mentoukou and Sanchiatien when we passed through these places on our way back. Plenty of General Tien Wei-chun's troops were there. We could not get any information as to when they intended to fight. There was little questioning, and this saved us from telling them where we had been.

In conclusion I would say only that, contrary to reports in Peking, there is no serious food shortage in the Kalgan area. Every station is crowded with cars, nearly all loaded with grain and other foodstuffs. This is grain that ordinarily would have been shipped down to Peking. It is being held in Kalgan and vicinity because the railway is cut. The cars carry enough food to last the people for many months even if there is a complete crop failure this year, which does not seem at all likely. The only real shortage is of salt and similar goods, which must be imported.

BACK FROM THE ORIENT[1]

BY PAUL MORAND

[WHEN the interviewer from *Les Nouvelles Littéraires* approached M. Morand for an account of his recent trip around the world, he had no idea that he would come away with such a complete article as this. Since M. Morand has always been identified with the rather radical school of young French writers, it is all the more surprising to find him so sympathetic to the emotional philosophy of the East.]

[1] From *Les Nouvelles Littéraires* (Paris literary weekly), *July* 10

I LEFT France exactly a year ago. At that time I was planning to arrive in Siam by way of America in the month of August, and to remain there until the following spring, returning by way of the English and Dutch East Indies. When I reached China I was detained some time by the sailors' strike. This strike was also one of the indirect causes of my sickness, for I traveled ten days on an American steamer all of whose regular personnel had walked out. They had signed up Malayan

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pirates and native cooks who did not know how to use the refrigerating chambers, but left them open in a heat of 100 degrees. Naturally all the provisions were spoiled, and dysentery did its work before we landed at Bangkok. Having held out for two months against illness, I begged urgently to be allowed to leave, and thanks to the kindness of the Department of Foreign Affairs I am able, a year later, to find myself in France, rather exhausted, though only in a physical sense, because from the moral point of view the journey was of outstanding importance to me.

Everything below the equator is exactly the opposite from what we are familiar with in our latitudes. Down there man yields his place to nature, and life gives way for death — Royal Death, as the Indians say. Death is everywhere — not the hideous, terrifying Western death, but a natural, serene gliding from one state into another. To put it more precisely, one does not live in the presence of death, but in constant communication with the Beyond, and entirely on its plane. In tropical countries one is given a concrete revelation of the life hereafter.

When I left Europe I was in a pagan and Mediterranean state of material well-being. Now that I have returned with my head bowed I am completely changed and am convinced that one or more existences are to come. I have passed from one state to the other without the least conflict or loss of blood.

This process I shall not try to explain in literary terms, because everything took place quite naturally, without any reference to literature, or any romantic anxiety, despite the astonishment that this has aroused among some of my friends. It is a question of climate. What makes itself manifest in the West to only a few rare mystics is revealed every day in the East.

I believe that my adventure will partake of this curious quality, that it has happened to a person who is neither an adolescent seeker nor a tired old man, but to one in the prime of life. Things now appear to me as being desirable only in so far as they add to one's knowledge — and even then very rarely. I have learned to do away with desire. I am an aimless *arriviste* who does not know where he is going or what is going on. If you should ask me at this moment what I want, I should find it very difficult to reply, except that I should like to write better books. The Western world offers a terrible spectacle to me on my return. It is contaminating the East and the whole universe; everything is on the verge of falling into a mechanism devoid of rules; absurd needs and light pleasures are abused; the writers whom I most esteem are worn out and exhausted by the daily need of making money, whether for the necessities or the superfluities of life. All this grips my heart. Even the calmest of us are excited. How few remain incorruptible!

'The Devil has become a monk?' you ask.

I am not the Devil. Equilibrium between pleasure and pain must be found. Like all French writers, I am a moralist, often without being aware of it. In my most shocking stories I have only tried to show the various kinds of pleasure of our times in their most extreme light, in order to reveal more clearly what people are doing and how mistaken a direction they have taken. I have a much too highly developed love for action to be able to leave the centre of the whirlwind.

But do not get the idea that I am headed for conversion.

The more I reflect, the more I find the Catholic religion narrow, anti-

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modern, impossible to adapt to our world, and colored with a Jewish exoticism with which I feel nothing in common. What strikes me is the amount of profound truth there is in all religions, the knowledge that in all of them the essential element is the invisible. Each religion is wrong, yet all are right because all side with the spirit against the body. Therefore I am with them all. Moreover, I am convinced that they will some day present a united front to the common enemy.

The central figure of my next book, *Bouddha Vivant*, will be a young prince from Southern Asia in contact with Western civilization. I shall make a study, in the form of a novel, of the relations between the Orient and the West. I shall try to apply what modest talents I have as a globe-trotting novelist to this burning subject. Several of next year's books are going to come more or less close to this fashionable theme. That is a good thing, for the question is vast and world-wide. French writers had better hurry if they do not want to be the last to get a word in. Just now I am putting the finishing touches on a little book about my trip. It is a collection of thoughts and maxims, which Hachette will publish. I have taken up again my work for the *Dial*, the *Nouvelle Revue Française* of New York.

I am going to write a few notes on the subject of avarice. As for my other book, *Rien que la terre*, that will be a travel story, much like a good many others to those who do not find between the lines of a long-continued journey around the world what I believe to be a kind of prose poem to the sphere, to terrestrial unity. I hardly think that this book, with its lack of romantic appeal, will enjoy commercial success.

At the moment I have no more travels in view. My slowly recovering health prevents me from going to hot countries. I have taken a year's leave of absence from the Department of Foreign Affairs. At the expiration of that leave next spring I expect to set out again to a post in Asia or America. I should like to be useful, silent, rarely visible, to live with a fountain pen in my hand and be worthy of what once was said of Buddha: 'Delivered, he will deliver others. Appeased, he will appease others.' Do not smile. I am not yet either delivered or appeased.

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A STROKE[1]

BY GEORGE MANNING-SANDERS

A SQUINTING fisherman was bending over a tubby old man who sat on the grass, with his back against a boat.

The villagers came hurrying to see what was the matter.

'Oh, it 's James; and the old rogue is drunk, eh?' said a laughing woman.

'No, that he 's not,' said the squinting man. 'For just now I did see him walking along quite steady; but of a sudden he stood stock-still and flopped down like a sack of shavings. I ran to raise him up, but it was as if all sense and power had gone from him; he could neither stand nor speak, so I sent a boy up along to fetch his daughter down to him.'

'How 's things then, James, boy?' a fisherman bellowed encouragingly.

But the sitting man made no reply, nor gave any sign that he had heard. His puffy face was expressionless; his small blue eyes stared vacantly across the sea.

'I 've always reckoned that James did carry too much flesh for a man of seventy-three years,' croaked a lean old woman; 'he 's most like having a fit now, and when it 's past he 'll die off sudden. See how greeny he 's going, and how his lips and whiskers do tremble!'

'It 's the color reflecting from off the boat is tinting him so,' said a young woman; 'and if he 's anyways ill or like to die, he should be lifted and carried into shelter out of this blistering sun heat.'

[1] From the *Dublin Magazine* (Irish literary quarterly), *July*

The squinting man shook his head knowingly. 'If it had been any other man than this mischief-making old James that had fallen, I 'd have had him taken straight away into my cottage yonder; but James has a funny sort of temper, and I did n't want to be mixed up in any unpleasantness. That 's why I sent word to his married daughter, Rebecca, that he do share house with — he may give heed to her.'

The group murmured agreement. An old sail was brought and spread across oars to make a shade for James, and his dented bowler hat was tilted protectingly on his bald forehead. A woman brought a cup of tea and held it patiently to his unresponsive lips. The group discussed the flaws of the old man's character, and recalled all the sudden and peculiar ailments that had seized men in the parish. And so the time passed pleasantly till the tiny boy came back from his errand.

'Well,' demanded the squinting man, 'is that Rebecca coming?'

'No, she is not — she 's gone to Saint Nicholas feast and taken the childer with her.'

'Then you should have gone to her man, Bob, across at the farm where he labors; he 's a tender-hearted chap; he 'd have come down for to take charge of James.'

'I did that — I went seeking Bob, but he 'd just gone off to town with a horse and wagon to fetch back a load of patent manure.'

'Well, neighbors, here 's a pretty

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fine go,' said the squinting man. 'I reckon the best thing is for us to bear James up over the hillside, for when a man is so far gone, either in obstinacy or illness, he 's best in his own home.'

'Aye, let 's do it now and have done with it,' said a fisherman.

A handbarrow was brought, the limp James was laid on it, and eight men bore him slowly over the sands toward his home. But as they began to climb the steep cliff path, James, being head down, recovered, and said feebly, 'Hullo — hullo, what's doing then, eh — what game is this?'

The barrow was lowered, and James, sitting up stiffly, tried to get off it. But he could not move his feet, and fright came into his small eyes, and his puffy face seemed to shrink. 'There's something wrong with my legs,' he whimpered; 'they 're like a thing gone dead, just as if they did belong to some other man.'

'Come on — we 'd best get him up to his own place,' said the squinting man; 'for if he does perish here afore our very eyes, we 'll all be bothered and questioned by Crowner at his inquest.'

So the hurrying bearers began to carry the whimpering James up to the cottage. But when they stood panting before the bright blue door, they found that it was locked.

'Break it open,' said James from the barrow.

'No fear,' said the squinting man; 'for if we do, Bob will look to us to mend it — or maybe give him a new door.'

'Rebecca is due to come back at dusk — leave me snug in the shade of the bushes,' said James.

The bearers considered the suggestion.

'It looks like rain blowing in from the sea,' counseled the squinting man, 'and if we do leave him exposed to the elements one of us will have to bide nigh him. And if aught happens amiss to James, Crowner may say we should have done this or that. The right and proper place for a stricken man is safe inside his own four walls. How about them windows?'

None of the windows was unfastened. They scraped away the brittle putty from a frame and, lifting out the pane of glass, unlatched the window. The smallest man of the company was about to climb in to see if he could open the door, when the squinting man held him back. 'Do no such thing,' said he; 'for if you do the like and there 's aught of gear and ornaments missing from the cottage, there 'll be talk that we made free with 'em. We want to do all that 's right and proper for James, poor soul, but we don't want to be mixed up in any unpleasantness. What about those three chairs so handy by the window — he 'd rest very cosy there, till his kindred come back from their jollifications.'

This scheme being approved, James was squeezed through the little window and poised on the three chairs. Then the pane of glass was scrupulously replaced, and the bearers dispersed as rapidly as they could.

At dusk Rebecca came back with a child sleeping in her arms and another dragging at her skirts. The eldest child unlocked the door, and then Rebecca sent him into the little parlor to fetch a box of matches from the mantelpiece. There followed a tinkle of breaking china, and the child rushed back headlong to his mother, scattering matches about the kitchen.

'God save us,' cried the weary Rebecca, 'don't stand there jibbering and gaping, but speak up and own to what it is you 've a-broke. If it 's that china man and woman I 'll give you such a lacing that —'

'It 's a ghost, and it 's laying on three chairs,' cried the frightened child.

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Holding a candle in one hand and a poker in the other hand, Rebecca went to the parlor door, the terrified children peering closely behind her. 'Why, it 's only Father,' she said in loud relief, 'that 's taken more beer, seemingly, than he can carry.'

The accusation brought home to James the full sense of his calamity. 'I 'm struck,' he wailed, 'in the prime of my old age. I 've been hit by the Lord God of Hosts for my sins. He has made my two legs to be like two mighty oak trees that 's been riven and blasted by a fork of lightning, and I do lie in fear of instant death.'

'You don't take me in so easy — you drink-soaked old rip,' cried Rebecca shrilly; 'and it 's no use your mouthing Scripture in the hope that I 'll be sucked in by it either, because I won't. I know better than to believe the Lord would take any sort of interest in your legs. Get up to once, I say, or I 'll fetch you a scat with this poker that will drive all such rigs clean out of your headpiece forever.'

'It took me down to cove, and the boys did bear me up over the cliff like one that was dead and gone, Rebecca,' said the old man pathetically. 'I 've had a stroke, and it 's sapped the power out of both my legs, and I feel death moving slow but sure across me.'

The children began to cry then, and Rebecca, quieting them, ran to fetch her husband from the public house on the highroad. She brought him into the cottage, and he smelt so strongly of horses, artificial manure, and beer that the children began to sneeze.

'I hear tell that you 're as good as gone around land,' said Bob shyly, holding a candle perilously near his father-in-law's whiskers.

'Aye, I 'm nigh done for, boy,' said old James mournfully; 'and if there 's anything left over from the high words that you and me have shared together, I forgive you all that freely.'

'Have you any pain vexing you at all?'

'I have not, boy; the Lord has spared me such.'

Husband and wife left James in the dark parlor, and when they had sent the children up to bed with a hunk of bread each they considered together, over a pot of tea, what was best to be done.

'A doctor should see him, by rights,' said Bob.

'It would only be a waste of money, because either he 's shamming wickedly, or else he 's going dead slowly, from the legs upward.'

Bob drank tea noisily and pondered. 'Well, it 's easy to see if he 's sham-mocking.'

'How?'

'Give me a big needle, woman, and I 'll soon come to the rights of this as well as any doctor could.'

Rebecca gave her husband a rusty darning needle, and he went in to the old man on pretense of making him more comfortable. And soon he came back to his wife, grinning and wiping the needle on his coat.

'It 's true what he do say, Rebecca — every word of it. For I've a-pricked his two legs here and there, fine and deep, without as much as a squeak or a start from him.'

'Then he 's like one dying by inches,' said Rebecca sorrowfully, 'and most likely he 'll go out with the tide. What time does the water ebb this night?'

'Don't know for certain, but some time atween midnight and daybreak for sure.'

'He 's been a good father, except for his bad old ways and his religion,' said Rebecca, wiping her eyes. 'Still, there it is, and I only wish he 'd lasted out a few days longer; then he 'd have drawn his old age pension. For though he 's

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insured for funeral expenses, ten pound don't go far.'

'Should be fifteen to do it all proper,' said Bob, yawning; 'and it 's a great shame that a man's last box and the bit of soil he do rest in should cost so much. I 'll have a black serge suit and a stiff white shirt out of it, mind.'

'Yes, and I 'll have a coat of some nice softish cloth, with a hat and a feather to match.'

In the midst of their estimation they remembered the old man lying helpless in the other room. 'There 's like to be a Crowner's Court held over him to-morrow,' said Bob importantly; 'so we 'd best bring down our brass-knobbed bed and lay him on it, and set a clean night-shift upon him — all in readiness.'

They toiled to get the iron bed to pieces, and carried it and a feather mattress down the crooked stairs into the little mouldy-smelling parlor. James felt rather proud that all these unusual labors were being done for him. He gave helpful advice as to the arrangement of the room. He was undressed, and washed, and laid on the bed, and then he asked for food and drink. They brought it to him, and after he had eaten with small appetite they left him in darkness and went overhead to lie on old clothes laid upon the floor.

Rebecca was too excited to sleep. She kept turning from side to side, thinking actively on how she would spend that ten pounds. 'And it 's happened nice and handy, Bob,' she was saying over and over again, till her awakened husband asked why. 'Because to-morrow is market day, to be sure, and we can go into the town cheaper on the motor bus. I might so well take in the childer and rig 'em up in black clouts. Yes, and I 'll get fairy cakes and raisin wine too. We don't want to do it overgrand, but we don't want anyone saying that we skimped father's burying.'

Many times the weary farm laborer dropped off to sleep, only to be awakened by his restless wife asking advice as to where she should buy the fairy cakes and the splits that should be thickly buttered and liberally spread with strawberry jam. 'And after all, Bob, a man only dies once, and if poor father's bit of insurance money don't do it comfortable we 'll not grudge a few extra shillings from what we 've put by, eh?'

'That 's so, for nothing looks so poor as a mean burying,' said Bob sleepily; 'and there must be slices of cold ham, and bottles of beer in plenty, for such helps to pass the time away.'

In the morning, just as the first dismal light of dawn was in the room, Rebecca, who had not slept at all, arose from the hard resting place, and went downstairs softly. She opened the parlor door and stood looking in upon her father. The old man's mouth was wide open; he breathed heavily in regular sleep.

Rebecca went back and awoke her husband with the news. 'There 's no hurry — it 's a bit early for him to have gone yet; wait an hour more,' said Bob irritably.

But two hours later James was not only alive, but he was eating his breakfast with some amount of relish. 'It 's what they do call a flash in the pan, but he 's almost sure to fail and collapse on a sudden once for the day,' said Bob, as he prepared to set off to his labor.

'Then I 'll lock the cottage up safe, and I 'll take the childer in to the town, and buy all that 's needful,' said the greatly excited wife; 'and I 'll go first thing to the insurance agent and ask him for to pay me the ten pounds in coin.'

'No fear, he won't do no such thing

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— he 'll not do that unless you show a signed doctor's certificate to prove that old James is gone.'

'Then I 'll have to rip the leather bag out from the feather mattress, and borrow enough money from it to make a funeral that won't shame the living or the dead.'

'That 's the talk — and don't forget the bottled beer,' said Bob, as he went, whistling cheerfully, toward the farm.

In a great flurry of haste Rebecca made her preparations, and soon she and the children, all dressed in their best, were running along the highroad toward the place where the motor bus stopped. And she told everyone she knew just why she was going into the town, and she invited many people to come to her father's funeral in four days' time. In the town she became so interested in the shopping that they missed the last bus home, and so they had to walk, heavily laden with parcels, ten miles through the starlit night.

They came, almost dropping with fatigue, to their home, and saw both the downstairs windows brightly lit. James was singing hymns noisily in the parlor, and Bob was crouched sulkily over the kitchen fire.

'Suppose that 's poor father's last spasm, what they call,' said Rebecca, scattering parcels on the kitchen table.

'No fear — he 'll never die. For a doctor that 's staying down to cove, he heard of the accident and he came up; and he says James's legs are useless to ever again bear weight, and that he 's like to live all the longer from having to keep himself steady.'

The weary Rebecca sat down and began to cry; the tired children began to howl; and old James, thinking this expressed sympathy for him, began to sing hymns more loudly.

'Anyway, a great blasting stroke like that would have killed off most men,' said Rebecca, drying her cheeks; 'and as for this nice food — why, we 'll be able to eat it ourselves now, without sharing it out to those gluttons that do trapes around to fill their ugly kipes at every burying. The black clouts will always come handy, too, if ever they should be needed.'

Bob began to laugh and slap his thigh. 'Aye, James has done the Government proper, missis, for he 's like to go on drawing his ten shillings a week pension till he 's as old as the hills.'

'I 'll be bound he will — for father is very willful when his mind is set on a thing,' cried Rebecca cheerfully.

Soon the husband and wife were eating ham and bread, the children were gorging fairy cakes, and old James was munching splits heavily buttered and liberally spread with strawberry jam. And they all began to feel that they were feasting because of the triumph of life over death.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

How Jesus Looked

At the last session of the French Academy remarkable new evidence concerning the personal appearance and activities of Jesus was brought to light. Dr. Robert Eisler of the University of Vienna has for some time contended that the old Russian version of Josephus's *Jewish War* contained a mutilated but essentially authentic account of the life and death of Jesus. He had pointed out that the descriptions of Christ's physical appearance in Greek and Latin texts refer to 'Josephus the Jew' as their source.

The Russian version of Josephus also gives a most unpleasant picture of John the Baptist, saying that 'his face was that of a savage, his body was hairy all over, and where it was not covered with the man's own hair he had pasted oxhides to it.' Curiously enough, the description of Jesus in the same version lacks this malicious touch, although the author saw no reason for calling Him the Son of God or an angel. From reasonably authentic sources Dr. Eisler has at length collected enough material to be able to piece together a reconstruction of the original passage as Josephus wrote it. The fact that he gained the ear of the cautious French Academy, and of such scholars as MM. Theodore and Salomon Reinach, challenges attention. Here is Dr. Eisler's version:—

'At that time also a man came forward, if one may call a man one whom His Disciples called the Son of God. His being and His figure were quite human, a man of middle size, with a stooping back and a long face, a prominent nose, and with brows which grew together, so that those who saw Him would get frightened; with very little hair, but parting it in the middle of His head, according to the habit of the Nazarenes (who were not allowed to cut their hair, and therefore tried to master it in this way). His looks were quite simple; only His pose was more than human, because He performed wonders through some invisible power.

'Considering, however, His quite ordinary nature, I for one shall not call Him an angel. His name was Jesus, and He was nicknamed the Messiah. By the Gentiles He was believed to be a soothsayer, but some of our people said of Him that He was our first lawgiver, Moses, and had risen from the dead and was now showing forth many cures and acts. Others, however, said He was the envoy of God.

'But He opposed Himself in many things to the Law. He did not observe Sabbath, according to our ancestral law. Not that He did anything shameful or criminal Himself, but through His words He instigated everything. And many from our folk followed Him and accepted His teaching, and many souls became wavering, believing the Jewish tribes would cut themselves free from the hands of the Romans.

'Now it was His habit to stay most of the time on the Mount of Olives, before the city, and there He also avouched His cures to the people.

'And there gathered themselves to Him one hundred and fifty slaves, and of the populace a crowd. But when they saw His power, that He could accomplish everything He would by a magic word, they urged Him that He

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should enter the city and hew down the Roman soldiers and Pilate, and rule over us. But when knowledge of this came to the Jewish leaders, they gathered together with the High Priest and spake: "We are powerless and too weak to withstand the Romans, and as the bow is also bent against us we will go and tell Pilate what we have heard, and be without distress, lest if he hear it from others we be robbed of our substance and ourselves be put to the sword and the children of Israel dispersed." And they went and told it to Pilate, and he sent and had many people cut down.

'As for that wonder-worker, he had Him brought before him, and after he had tried Him they took Him and crucified Him according to their ancestral custom.'

The Certified Czech

ONE of the more encouraging signs of the times is the willingness of our literary prophets to give ear to the incessant European attacks on American standardization. Thanks to the talents and convictions of men like Sinclair Lewis, we are now pretty well persuaded that the United States is little better than an enormous Ford factory. Those of us who go to Europe sometimes wonder why cafés are considered any less standardized than cafeterias, why it is so much more interesting to talk about *l'amour* with a Frenchman than about business with a Rotarian, or why Mussolini is any less ridiculous than Calvin Coolidge. For those of us who feel that Europe is just about as benighted as we are, a visit to the Sokol festivals at Prague is recommended. Not only are they more depressing than anything at home; they even cause us to wonder if it was worth making the world safe for democracy simply in order to set twenty thousand Czechs to doing gymnastics at once.

The Sokols, be it said, are a chain of gymnastic organizations founded by that great patriot, Miroslav Tyrs, and patronized by almost every loyal Czechoslovakian. So keen is the interest in community sport that several rival organizations have been formed by groups of Radicals, though they have not gained the popularity of the authentic Sokol. Early in July the city of Prague was the scene of a vast Sokol congress in which fourteen thousand Czech athletes, witnessed by forty thousand Czech spectators, all raised their hands in the air at the same moment, leaned over, and touched the ground without bending their knees. Nor did their repertory end here. There is photographic evidence to indicate that six thousand Sokolettes (female members of the Sokols) were able to put their right hand to their right ear, extend their left arm downward at an angle of forty-five degrees, bend their right knee, and stick their left leg out behind. Although there are no photographs to support our statement, we feel safe in assuring our readers that they were able to reverse the process, putting their left hand to their left ear, and so forth. It is almost unbelievable, but there are other pictures to prove that thousands of Czechs are able to arrange themselves in closely packed lines more than a hundred yards long and wave their arms in unison. They also weave human patterns on the field, and can probably shape themselves into the Czech equivalent of Old Glory.

It is argued by devotees of this exciting sport that Czech gymnastics represent a higher form of athletic and cultural development than the Olympic Games in ancient Greece. As for the gain in the national chest-expansion and the loss in the national bellyband,

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the figures probably run into hundreds of miles. Moreover, these gymnastics provide the very best basis for a musical education along rhythmic lines. But the most stirring part of the whole ceremony is attained when all the athletes raise the following chant in unison: 'Hold to the truth; love your country; refuse slavery; serve humanity and the nation.' The only thing we have that can touch it is: 'For God, for country, and for Yale.'

Culture in the Home

THAT Paris can get along without Americans, but that Americans cannot get along without Paris, is one of the more frequent complaints lodged by the sole inheritors of real culture against a nation of vulgarians. Soon the cultivated voice cracks as the arms and hands take up the burden of the conversation and wild gestures accompany further outcries against Negro jazz-bands, chewing gum, and our wasteful love of cheap display. In all humility, the best that we can do is to consult at once the self-proclaimed authorities on good taste and correct deportment, in the hope that we may learn the rudiments of civilized living from its most accomplished expositors.

Luckily we have not far to seek for our model, who is now performing in a quaint Old World music hall. She is Mademoiselle Parisys, blonde and fluffy-haired, an outstanding personality at the French capital and at Deauville. Last year she gave one of those delightful little parties that are the despair of the most elegant American hostesses. In her fifth-floor apartment she had a couple of ambassadors and half a dozen seals to dinner. It was a modest start, to be sure, the merest hint, yet there is no word from the social arbiters of Hollywood to lead us to believe that Gloria Swanson, in spite of her French count of a husband, has invited so much as a pollywog to the table. But Mademoiselle Parisys does not lack persistency, or imagination either. She has more recently installed a river in her rooms and invited all her friends to appear at midnight in bathing suits. The evening is enlivened still further by the presence of several hundred fish and frogs, which she got at a bargain when the Nouveau Cirque sold out its complete line of goods. Surely there is a suggestion for Mrs. Coolidge here. If she wants to impress the European diplomatic corps and make it feel at home, let her turn the Blue Room of the White House into an aquarium and stock it with some of these presidential pike.

It 's an Old Spanish Custom

EVERY year the Juntas of Roncal and Baretous hold a peculiar ceremony at Pierre Saint-Martin. In other words, the Basque community between France and Spain has an annual blow-out. From the French side of the valley comes a delegation of French mayors, and from the Spanish side a contingent of alcaldes. Both these groups represent the Basque settlements that still enjoy a measure of their former republican independence. The purpose of the assembly is to recognize ceremonially the rights of these people. One by one the officials place their hands on top of each other on the frontier stone in such order that a French hand alternates with a Spanish, the last of all being the paw of the Alcalde of Isaba, the metropolis of the Valley of Roncal. This dignitary then pronounces the traditional form of words by which the French representatives swear fidelity to the ancient treaties. Three heifers are handed over by the Baretous Valley as pasturage dues to the

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Spaniards, the animals first being examined by a veterinary.

Time was when the ceremony included a sham attack on France, in the course of which a volley was fired and an alcalde plunged a spear into French soil. So offensive was this little display to the delicate sensibilities of the French that it was abandoned in 1898. This year the mayors and alcaldes simply shook hands all around, and the whole thing passed off as quietly as a Republican convention.

More Broadway for London

NEW YORK'S theatrical invasion of the British capital continues apace. Nearly one third of the West End theatres are now housing American plays, and even more will be polluted during the autumn. The productions sighted include *Sunny*, *Tip-Toes*, *The Gold Diggers*, *The Student Prince*, and perhaps *The Song of the Flame*. A new musical comedy which is to follow *No, No, Nanette*, is being farmed out to New York song and lyric writers, although the *Westminister Gazette* seems to feel that England is sufficiently afflicted with adepts at these arts to be able to provide words and music of her own.

Even more distressing to the Londoner than the epidemic of American drama is the exodus of British actors to the United States. Anyone who was able to sit through Cyril Maude's annual Farewell Appearance, which consisted last year of Michael Arlen's *These Charming People*, will remember Miss Edna Best as the one bright spot in a singularly depressing evening. London may well lament her decision to play the States until next March. She tried to find a suitable play to put on in her own country, but had to give up in despair. 'If I stayed on,' she said, 'I might find something or other, but meanwhile a very good offer has come from New York, and I don't want to refuse a certainty for a remote possibility. In New York I am to appear in *Why Not?* It deals with certain subjects in an exceedingly frank and often flippant manner, and has been banned by the censor over there.' Broadway is also to be favored with Dion Titheradge — a man — and Herbert Marshall. According to the British press, New York is overrun with English talent because there is a dearth of capable Americans who can play Society rôles. What is the matter with our younger generation, anyway?

Innocents Abroad

THE benefits of travel as a substitute for the *Living Age* are borne out by the following item in the *Westminster Gazette* of London: —

'Fifty American students paying their first visit to England were the guests of Sir Harry Brittain, M.P., at the Houses of Parliament yesterday.

'"You know," said one of the visitors, "we all came over with the same notion that English people were sort of prim and stuck up, and we've all had the greatest surprise.

'"My, we just love them all, and think they're the friendliest people ever — especially the men. They're so nice-looking, and real jolly."'

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BOOKS ABROAD

Ulick and Soracha, by George Moore. London: The Nonesuch Press, 1926. 42*s*.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

MATTER, style, form, and type combine to give this book a singular effect of naturalness. Even the brownish tint of the Japon vellum upon which the long paragraphs, unbroken by quotation marks for dialogue, are printed plays its part in establishing the atmosphere of remoteness, as of something found and not made. The 'tone of time' is over the whole performance. How far the matter is derived from chronicles and how far invented it is impossible to say, but throughout the story conscious art is perfectly concealed. You slide into the story through a conversation between Mr. George Moore and one Alec Trusselby in Tom Ruttledge's park at Westport. Alec asks for a story, and Mr. Moore starts with an old memory of a tale that he heard bits of from an old man of Kiltamagh; and when the telling is discontinued for a cup of tea, and again when Alec himself rounds off the story, you are still under the same spell of murmured narration. One thing brought home forcibly by the book is the right application of the realistic method. When Mr. Moore — or anybody else — writes about the present the illusion of reality is nearly always weakened, if not broken, by changes of distance from the facts due to the writer's opinions about life; without intruding his opinions he will in unconscious deference to them draw some details at a foot and others at a dozen yards, with an effect comparable to that in painting when an artist falsifies his values by altering his distance from the model, now peering and now standing off; but in this book everything is, as the photographers would say, 'at infinity,' and the result is a consistency hardly to be found out of Malory. The moral, if Mr. Moore will allow a moral to a work of art, is that no young man should attempt the realistic method, or should apply it only to distant memories.

The story itself is one of those 'old, unhappy, far-off things' which might have come from anywhere. Ulick, the natural son of Richard de Burgo, second Earl of Ulster, sees a portrait of Soracha, youngest daughter of an Irish chieftain, King O'Melaghlin, made by a traveling craftsman, and for the first time knows love without pleasure. He cannot rest until he has taken her from her convent. Incited by stories of their pagan life together, her father leads an army against the castle, and in order to save Ireland from warfare Soracha flings herself over the battlements. Ulick, left haunted by a spirit between Heaven and Hell, swims out after 'a whiteness passing down the lake.' In his quest for Soracha, Ulick has been accompanied by his harper, Tadhg O'Dorachy, a passionless man, and the belated marrying of Tadhg, told with robust humor by Alec Trusselby, rounds off the story; and so 'The Ballinrobe cock [Mr. Moore] is outdone, and the crow is to the Westport rooster!'

But this bare outline will give little idea of what, without a word of information outside the story, is in effect an imaginative reconstruction of Ireland in the fourteenth century. The surface of the narrative is as hard as that of an ivory carving, and there is not an idle word in it, a word which does not give movement as well as picture. It is all purely creative art in prose narrative, and the printers have worked as if they crystallized the spoken words. An exquisite copperplate engraving, designed and engraved by Mr. Stephen Gooden, accompanies and illustrates the graceful dedication to Lady Cunard, and the loose cover of the book is decorated with an Irish harp quartered with the lilies of France in red, designed by Miss Marion V. Dorn.

Essai sur Marcel Proust, par Georges Gabory. Paris: Renaissance du Livre, 1926. 12 fr.

[Clive Bell in *The Nation and the Athenæum*]

THIS is a good book; so perhaps I need not add that it is the best I have read on the subject. When one comes to think of it, M. Gabory was the person indicated to write something trustworthy and intelligent about Marcel Proust. An agreeable poet, alert, well-educated, and young, acquainted — by correspondence, of course — with the master, and corrector of his *Sodome et Gomorrhe II* proofs, he was about to elucidate the text of *La Prisonnière* when the news of Proust's death gave him, as he explains, an unexpectedly — indeed an unreasonably — violent shock. Instead of continuing labors which for him had become ghoulish almost, he wrote this essay.

Perhaps M. Gabory is not so much an impressionist as a Proustian critic. He doubts. Positively, he is uncertain whether that permanent and indivisible 'personality' which most modern

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writers spend their lives 'affirming' so much as exists. He is less interested in discovering whether a book conforms to a preconceived notion of what a book should be than in discovering what it makes him, and may make others, feel and think. 'Think' I add deliberately: M. Gabory is excited by ideas, and, differing with infinite civility from M. André Gide, holds that *La recherche du temps perdu,* considering the immense influence it has had on his generation and will have, in all probability, on generations to come, cannot be reckoned '*une œuvre entièrement gratuite.*' He is Proustian in his preoccupation with his own and other people's reactions. And, like Proust, he wants to discover what people really do feel. He possesses — acquired from the master maybe — that scandalous passion for psychological sincerity.

English admirers of Proust will not find this essay less agreeable for being written in intelligent, — I had almost said intellectual, — straightforward French. M. Gabory has far too much on his mind to indulge in those affectations, in that allusive, elusive, kick-me-under-the-table style so much in fashion — last season at any rate — with '*les jeunes écrivains français.*' That way may do well enough when one has no more in one's head than M. Giraudoux has in his. M. Gabory must analyze and argue; he has things to say at once too complicated and too precise to be expressed by winking the other eye or putting one's thumb to one's nose. He has tried to be lucid and intelligent. He has succeeded admirably. He will succeed even better in the next edition if he corrects a few of the misprints in this.

The Two Sisters, by H. E. Bates. London: Jonathan Cape, 1926. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Morning Post*]

The Two Sisters, by H. E. Bates, has a foreword by Mr. Edward Garnett, who describes it as a 'novel of essentials,' free from the excess of detail, informative or analytical, which crowds the realistic chronicles so popular in these days. It is a first novel by a twenty-year-old author, who has been able to show us, as in a fair, glooming figure, authentic figures of eternal though ephemeral youth, with all their tumultuous emotions. He does not idealize his creations; neither does he exhibit them as futile, undeveloped beings — for he is young enough to see youth for what it is, not for what it ought to be, or what it might have been.

Tessie and Jenny are the daughters of an eccentric father, who thinks he has inherited madness, and they live without friends in a lonely house near a river subject to dangerous floods, which is a protagonist in the drama, just as Egdon Heath is in *The Return of the Native.* Both of them fall in love with Michael, the son of a wharfinger, whose work is in the perilous waters, but he is Jenny's lover. The vital thing in the story is the truthful, complex impressions of the sad, sweet turmoil of first love's absorption in itself as shown in solitary spirits, both like and unlike one another. The drama has a quiet curtain — we see the two sisters, twenty years after, remembering it is the anniversary of Michael's death by drowning, and embracing in their stilly beauty, for time has been a long peace for them both. There are many poetical passages in a book which seeks the truth of the world within faithfully and is beyond doubt a work of genius.

The Pool, by Anthony Bertram. London: Allen and Unwin, 1926. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Daily Telegraph*]

HERE is a study of the proletariat which, in its grim realism, challenges, within its limitations, anything from the pen of Maksim Gor'kii. Only in these pages we get no philosophic yearnings, no dreams of distance, and, indeed, very few hints of escape of any sort or kind from incrustated reality. On the surface it is easy enough to judge, easy enough to complain, that we have too much of the 'real pig' and too little of the humanity that belongs at least to art, if not to life. The point is that Rosie Betts, the Parker boys, Bert Porlock, and all the rest of them, do belong to life. They are only too recognizable human figures. Rosie, who intends to bring up her illegitimate child for the sole purpose of killing his father, is not only a real human being, but not even a repellent one. Yes, Mr. Bertram has given us the truth as he sees it about Rosie Betts, and yet left her an East End English girl, with the qualities of the race by no means at its worst, an individual of infinite potentiality under fair conditions, and not at all a monster even under the most difficult. But at the very last there is no more sentimentality about Rosie than there is about the author. Rosie confesses everything to the boy who wants to marry her, including her old attitude toward the father of her child: 'I saw as 'e were n't worf botherin' abaht, an' I saw as that kid, wot was crippled an' daft, 'ud be better dead than alive. So I drahnded it. D' jer want to marry me nah, Bert?'

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

Pan-Europa, by Richard N. Coudenhove-Kalergi. With an introduction by Nicholas Murray Butler. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1926. $2.50.

THE author, in whose veins flows the blood of the highest nobility of the empires of the Hapsburgs and the Rising Sun, has distinguished himself since the war as a brilliant and logical publicist and as organizer of one of the most active of the many movements to rearrange the world on a better basis. His doctrine is sufficiently indicated by the title of this book, and his aim is to bring together the countries of Continental Europe, so far as they represent a common inheritance, in one big political, economic, and cultural brotherhood. He has formed a society to propagate his views, which is holding a congress at Vienna at the time these lines are written. The author does not include Great Britain in his scheme for a new and better Europe — not because he distrusts that country, but because her vital interests ramify too far afield. But France, with nearly a third of Africa as her appanage, is a corner stone of his proposed international edifice. In fact five great nation-groups — Pan-Europa, Pan-America, a Federal British Empire, a Russian Federal Empire, and Eastern Asia — are embraced within his forecast. His argument is lucid and plausible, and though it is unlikely that the political formations of the future will fall into any ready-made pattern, no matter how rational it may be *a priori*, this book is thought-provoking, and it may contribute its mite toward solving the puzzle of how mankind is to dwell together peaceably on our constantly dwindling globe.

Franz Liszt, by Guy de Pourtalès. Translated from the French by Eleanor Stimson Brooks. New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1926. $2.50.

EVEN for those not interested in musical Europe of the last century this will make fascinating reading: a *pur-sang* romantic story, compared to which many nineteenth-century novels would pale into nothingness were it not that oblivion had already intervened. Though a perfect piece of fiction, it is also a biography in which we should dread having the least fact altered. It is a relief to behold, next door to our own century, a great genius who lived a life of emotions, who never pretended much or tried hard to be logical and 'scientific,' yet who has given the world all that it may possibly demand of one man. To readers who regard Beethoven and Wagner as something more than credit marks in a course of general culture, this book will mean breathing precious air — the very stuff from which came some of the finest blessings of this much-abused civilization. There are some rather French drawbacks, among them the superfluous subtitle of *L'Homme d'Amour*, and the absence of a list of sources, which makes one suspect that the author tried to give us a very originally written story. It is to be hoped that vanity caused no unfaithfulness to fact.

Isvolsky and the World War, by Friedrich Stieve. Translated by E. W. Dickes. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1926. $3.50.

THIS book of some two hundred and fifty pages summarizes with explanatory apparatus and an introduction the four-volume work by the same author, entitled *Der Diplomatische Briefwechsel Iswolskis, 1911-1914*, issued under the auspices of the German Foreign Office. The same documentary material has also been published in French, in a series of volumes entitled *Un Livre Noir*, and all these translations, arrangements, and interpretations are based upon the complete correspondence between Imperial Russia's ambassador at Paris and his Foreign Office, which the Soviet Government gleefully made public when it secured possession of this evidence of the secret, war-breeding diplomacy of the years immediately preceding the great conflagration of 1914. The present volume presents the most telling of this material, interpreted and arranged from the German point of view, but with a scholarly sense of responsibility. It proves — what the one per cent or less of ungullible people always knew — that the World War was not the contrivance of any man, or group of men, or single government, but was the logical outcome of years of subterranean intrigue and counterintrigue, from which none of the Great Powers of Europe emerged with untarred fingers. So far as we know, this is the only detailed account of these documents in English, but some of their most striking passages were printed in the *Living Age* on June 10, 1922, soon after their appearance in Russia.

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